The GATES OF JANUS

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WILLIAM CARTER

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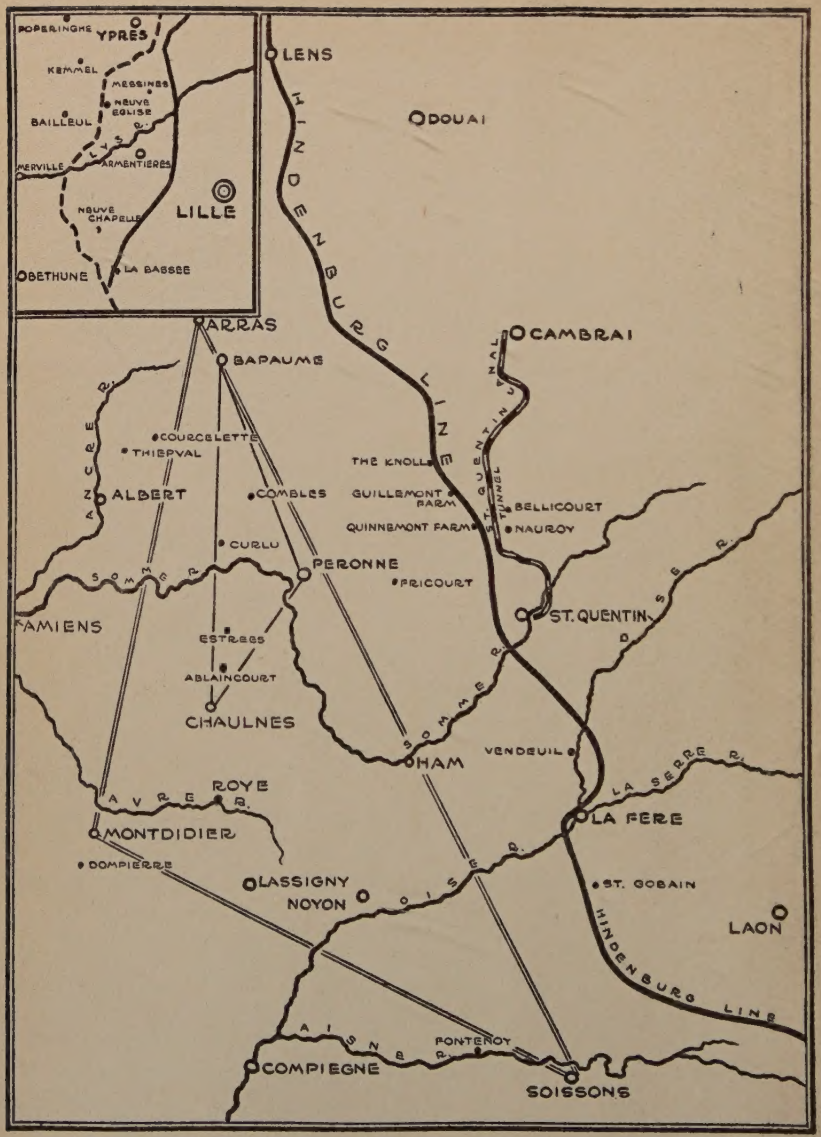
THE GATES OF JANUS:

An Epic Story of the World War



THE BATTLEFIELDS OF THE SOMME AND HINDENBURG LINE.

(See pages 118-124; 179-182.)

Insert: The Lys Salient. (See page 179.)

THE GATES OF JANUS:

An Epic Story of the World War

By
WILLIAM CARTER, D.D., Ph.D.

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DEDICATED

To My Wife

ALICE KELLOGG CARTER

Who, for twenty-five years, has been a help and inspiration to me in my public life and service

FOREWORD

IN sending out this: "Epic Story of the World War," the writer feels there are some things which need explanation, lest the work be thought presumptuous, on the part of a comparatively unknown author.

FIRST: The author has felt that the Epic form of poetry, so long unused, is most admirably fitted for the narration of such a War as this,—greater than any in all the world's annals, rightly called: "The Great World War!" With such a theme as this there is surely every reason for some one to try to revive this ancient form again, as he strives to give adequate expression to the recounting of the heroic deeds of such a strife, which involves thirty-six nations, over ninety per cent of the world's population, and concerns, not only the welfare of humanity, but, the very civilization of the world.

SECOND: He feels that, by such a form, the main events of the War will be better remembered by the people at large, better impressed, by them, upon their children, now, and better retold to other children afterward.

THIRD: Since this form has not been used before, in the retelling of our modern Wars, he has felt,—though woefully inadequate to the task,—that he should endeavor, himself, thus, to revive

this ancient plan and give a basis for others to accomplish the task still better, that we may have, at last, material which shall become a thesaurus of modern folklore, to stimulate the patriotic impulses of our children and their children's children.

The author realizes, more than any one else, the deficiencies of the work, and his inadequacy for the task, but he gives the above as the apology for his presumption, hoping that others will follow, along these lines, and leave some truly monumental testimony of the deeds of these brave men who have fought and bled and died, for humanity and civilization, in this great War.

Though he has tried to be as accurate and chronological in the work, as the limits of poetic composition will permit, he realizes that there must be a number of inaccuracies, in regard to the descriptions of the battles and the units engaged, as he has only been able to gather the data for these things from fugitive volumes on the War, newspaper and magazine accounts and the testimony of those returning from the Front, together with such pamphlets and facts as have been sent out, from time to time, by the various Allies. He will therefore, be glad for all corrections, so that, if a subsequent Edition should be issued, the necessary revisions may be made.

No explanation, we take it, is necessary concerning the use of the "Machinery" (so called

by the Ancients) of the War Dogs and the Furies, as such "Machinery" has always been deemed a necessary part of Epic composition and the use of the Dogs of War and the Furies seemed most apposite in the development of such a theme.

One other word, he would add here, and that is: that this whole work has been written while the War has been actually going on, and, that it was his intention to send it out, first, in incomplete form, as a War Phillipic and afterward issue another Edition, bringing the story up to the end of the conflict. With this end in view, the work was brought to a close with the Victory of St. Mihiel, and was ready for the Press, but, with the rush of events, immediately following, the closing pages were added, as the author saw the end was near and the fulfillment of the theme of the book, as given in the third and fourth verses of the poem, imminent.

With this idea, then, of a War Phillipic, as well as a War History, before him, he has used the present tense, largely, throughout the book, with all of its invective directed against a foe we were still fighting. Though the Armistice has now been signed and the War is over, he sends out the work in its original form, as a testimony not only to the determination of the Allies to win the final victory, but as a testimony against the atrocity and fiendishness with which the War has been prosecuted by our enemies,

according to the actual knowledge of the people of these present times.

With such present day testimonies against her, Germany cannot say in the future that historians were mistaken as to their facts. These are things which the world knows *now;* has *seen,* has *felt!* We are still in the midst of them!—*still* seeing, *still* feeling them! Let such, then, be the witness against Germany and the Central Powers, and let us hope that such arraignment may prove the alembic whereby they may be purified and led to reconstruct their *hearts,* as well as their nations, in the days to come.

Trusting that the work may accomplish, in some small way, the purposes for which it is written, it is sent out for the public's use and approval, and,—to the glory of the Allied arms!

WILLIAM CARTER.

Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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By W. Renwick Taylor.

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THE GATES OF JANUS

BOOK I.

1. THE DOGS OF WAR AND THE FURIES

By Tiber's flood, there stands a temple grim,
Flanked by two gates; enclosing, gaunt, within,
The Dogs of War, fed by ten Furies dread,
Who fain would fatten them upon the dead.

The gates hold back the dogs; the Furies,—held
By Power beyond their own,—their clamor weld
In one deep diapason of mad sound,
Then claw the gates and scrabble up the ground.

'Tis of these Furies' wrath, O Muse, I'd sing,—
Of our World War, black Fate's most potent Spring,—
As they enrage mankind his power to vent,
And blast the earth with direfullest intent.

And, of the War Dogs, I would also tell;
What transformation in them there befel,
As they bring Peace from out grim War's red train,
A League of Nations see, with Furies slain.

These Furies are: Rage, Hate, and Malice
black;
Pride, Envy, Lust,—the blackest of the pack!—
Lies, Bitterness and Rapine that destroy,
And Cruelty,—that Nemesis of Joy!

The Dogs, that need our mention, are just ten:
A Boarhound, raging madly 'round the den;
A Grey-hound, lithe and keen, a Mastiff bold,
A Bull-dog, fierce to fight and strong to hold;

A Wolf-hound, white of breast—with ochre
heart,
A St. Bernard, that hesitates to start;
A "Dog of Flanders," used to blows and shame,
An Austrian Beagle, not unknown to fame.

Beside these stood two others, gaunt and grim:
A Blood-Hound, set for bloodier nation's whim;
A black Pariah-Dog that,—worst of all,—
Battens on death, by Stamboul's ancient Wall.

Ten Dogs, ten Furies; thus my list's complete;
All set for War and, *now*, all scorning Peace;
The Furies worst,—the Dogs, by them, compelled
To break their leashes, which the Years have
held.

Still others I might mention in these lists,—
As Homer catalogued his fleet of ships,—
Such Furies as Suspicion and black Woe;
Serb Watch-Dogs also, who, first warned of foe.

But I have named enough to set the scene
Of that which is, and that which might have been,
And so, O Muse, help me the tale to tell
Of that which plunged our World in blackest hell!

2. THE PRETEXT FOR WAR

Nineteen-Fourteen its course had scare half run,
When, from famed Sarajevo's crime, there sprung
Suspicion,—grisly spectre,—soon to ope
The Janian gates and Furies' power evoke.

War does not feed on Force, it feeds on Doubt,—
Doubt of another's heart, that puts to rout
Faith, confidence and mutual trust sublime,
That should bind men together for all time.

That shot in Sarajevo's streets that day,
Fired by the madman Princip, helped to slay
Not Austria's heir alone, but also Trust,—
In men and nations,—Truth and all things just.

Sowing black Doubt, on swiftest wings, he came
To Serbia, Belgium and, across the main,
To England, almoner of nations brave,
Who willingly adventures all to save.

Now Discord from Suspicion springs assured;
Such dragon's teeth great harvest soon procured,
As men spring up, like grass, on every hand,
Ready to dare and die for their loved land.

The work is done! The grisly spectre leaves
Thrones, forums, palaces, and takes the keys,
From out his girdle dark, that shall unbar
The Janian gates and loose the Dogs of War.

The key is turned within the rusted ward,
Each bolt and massy barrier is unbarred;
The Dogs rush out,—each leash is broken through,
The Furies "Havoc!" cry,—and follow too.

Now World, beware! The fiends of Hell are loose,
To thee entangle in the dreadful noose
Of War's red horrors! 'Ware not the Dogs so much,
As maddened Furies! 'Ware their bloody clutch!

3. THE ATTACK.

And whither are they bound? O Muse, now tell:
Each Dog, to his own home he knew so well;
The Furies,—first to Serbia, as the field
Where they can plots mature, 'gainst world to wield.

And why to Serbia? Because here they've found,
Souls fecund for their seed,—a fertile ground
For passion! Here Austria they have found before
Plotting to take, from Serb, new lands by War.

She's taken Bosnia. Ah, most foolish act!
'Tis in its capital she's first attacked,
Through Sarajevo's deed!—by Bosnians planned,
Who,—subjects new,—had feared her tyrant hand.

Now she, through Serbia, desires a way
To a seaport on Salonica's bay.
She uses Bosnia's deed as a pretext;
Claims Serbia planned it! She must be redressed!

How can another nation guilty be
For thine own subjects deeds? done against thee
In thine own land? No Serbian struck the blow
That killed the Crown Prince,—brought on this world woe!

And, if this awful deed were foul enough
To make thee, 'gainst the Serb, so ruthless,—rough,
For wrong he never did!—Why did'st thou not,
The murderers punish more, who wrought the plot?

Princip, who fired the shot,—Gabrinovic,
Who threw the bomb,—thou did'st not then convict
And order slain! Them thou did'st but intern,
In prison walls, for twenty years' brief term!

Ah, crafty Austrian! We know well thy mind!
The Furies know it also! Thou'rt their kind!
They've promised thee their aid thy ends to gain.
They'll rouse thy people,—all their hate inflame!

Thou'lt get thy War! Alas, that's sure indeed!—
But not thy seaport, though it thou dost need.
Thou'lt Retribution get, both just and fit,—
Hoist on thine own petard!—The Biter, bit!

The Beagle now has roused a nation wild;
The Furies lashed their passions, and reviled
The weak and tim'rous! Then all joined the fray
And outraged Serbia sees a bloody day!

Down comes the Austrian, past both watch and ward!
Down the blue Danube, comes another horde!
Belgrade is ravaged, from both flood and land.
The Furies war! But still brave men withstand!

At Battle of the Jadar they repel
The Austrian host! Six thousand of them fell
Before brave Gen'ral Putnik's Serb command!
They're driven out from Serbia's loyal land!

The Serb, now Austria, bravely does invade.
He captures Semlin, across from Belgrade!
Though Belgrade at last falls,—to Gen'ral Frank,—
Serbia's not conquered! She fights, rank on rank!

At Ushitza and Valievo's fight,
They twenty thousand pris'ners take with might!
They take Belgrade again, the foe they foil!
There's not an Austrian left on Serbian soil!

Have ye then thought that little Serbia's
weak?
She could have held the Austrian,—him de-
feat!—
Save for the aid the Prussians sent amain,
She would have conquered both on hill and
plain!

Brave Serbia! We give glory unto thee!
Thou mighty art in fight,—bold as the free!
Alas, that thou must fall! Alas, the Hun
Should come and take from thee all thou hast
won!

The end is sure! But ah, that note has gone,—
As Serbian Watch-Dogs their loud cries pro-
long,—
Far from the Balkan hills, to Russian ground,
To France and England, all by treaty bound.

Belgrade has fallen, but the world is up!
More than these nations now the question put:
"Shall weaker nations suffer from the strong?
"Because they're weak, shall they endure all
wrong?"

The answer will not long forth-coming be.
The world will soon decide the right to see
Triumphant over wrong! Then Austria fear!
Serbia shall be avenged! Thy end is near!

4. THE METHODS OF THE FURIES.

Look now at rest of all that War-Dog band!
Swift as the arrow flies, each seeks his land,
To rouse his nation to defence *from* War!
But *mark,* the Furies, *now,* are on *before!*

How strange it is that Right is always slow!
That Wrong can, onward, ever faster go!
Yet 'tis the story of Tortoise and Hare:
"Last shall be first!" Yes, that's true everywhere!

So, though the Furies, now, the vanguard lead,
They will not always!—for it's been decreed:
That they shall all be driven out, or slain!
Yet mark how, *now,* they o'er all others gain!

Let Doubt sow his black seed,—Suspicion ope
The brazen gates of War, for man to cope
With Discord!—Yet still his task is safe and plain,
If Fury outstrip not all War's red train.

But, swift as be the War-Dogs' headlong flight,
The Furies have o'er-reached them and *their* might
It is, that makes War's ruin so accurst;—
Makes men forget the best, and love the worst!

Blame not the War-Dogs then, they'd peaceful
be,
Save for these Furies, that ere stir the sea
Of man's black passions foul,—and urge him on
To deeds of butchery and lust and wrong.

They feed the Dogs of War,—or famish them,
Until they think they'll make them feed on men!
Yet, when these break the thongs that hold them
back,
'Tis but to warn man of a worse attack!

No dog is wild, until by fury made;
Nor man, 'til fury makes of him a grave
Of all his nobler purpose, and calls out
That lust of vengeance that puts good to rout.

A bull-dog fierce, is fiercest but to guard!
A mastiff huge, may be the children's ward!
A boar-hound grim and gaunt,—with low'ring
mien,—
May be a household pet, safe and serene!

But, let the Furies 'rouse them howso'er,
And this is then, as though it never were!
The boar-hound, snarling, springs and shows his
fangs;
The bull-dog and the mastiff break all bands.

Blame then the Furies, with their passions
dread;
The Dogs are *Guardians*,—by these others led
To deeds of blood! Their wish,—to 'rouse man-
kind,
To fight 'gainst those most led by Fury blind!

So, from their Nations, now, these Dogs of
War
Call forth their masters,—from both near and
far,—
To join themselves, in coalition strong,
Against the most infuriate of their throng.

5. THE KAISER'S FORGETFULNESS.

Just as the mild and gentle,—made insane,—
Rage, fight and threaten, with unbridled rein,
Against the ones who most have helped their
lives,—
So now the helped against the helper flies!

The Boar-hound fierce, now bares his snarling
fangs;
The Furies lash him through his 'fed'rate lands!
They 'rouse his masters to like fury blind;—
Make them forget their debt to human-kind.

Ah, Germany! Thy memory is brief,
Of all thou owest to the nations,—chief
In this great War!—To Italy and France;
To England's and America's advance!

Where wast thou, when America was born?
Where when, from France, thou asked Arts to adorn?
Where when, from Italy, thou learned to sing,
And asked,—of England's Commerce,—how to win?

Thou, then, wast sunk in ignorance most black,
Of Arts and Sciences thou knew'st thy lack.
Of Music, Commerce and Invention's sway,
Thy night was lighted with but feeble ray!

When Frederick the Great piped on a flute,
'Twas but an echo of Italian lute,—
That long had charmed the world with music sweet,
And made it debtor for heart's quickened beat.

When that same monarch longed to know the ways
Of Wisdom, and her greater length of days,
It was to France he turned and, from her schools,
Called Voltaire to his Court,—to teach these rules.

When *thou* would'st learn, of Commerce, her success,
To England thou did'st turn and did'st confess,
By that one act,—thou knew'st not how to cope
With Commerce's ways,—until old England spoke!

While the great Fred'rick idly played his pipes,
America was showing thee the rites,—
In their beginnings,—of Invention's way,
That thou art using now to "save" thy "Day."

Then, was the deadly submarine first made,
Thou now dost use in foulest pirate raid.
Its gift was ours, as most, that now,—accursed!—
Thou'rt using, not to do the best, but worst!

Who taught thee how to drive, with steam, thy keel
Through turbid seas? Build battleships of steel?
Talk, telegraph through sundered miles of space?
Build thy barbed wire entanglements apace?

Who taught thee how to sail the ambient air?
Turn lightning's horror into uses rare?—
Imprison Music?—the Camp's joy supreme!—
Bring death to life upon a lighted screen?

Who taught thee how to give a mightier power
To powder, shot and shell in War's dread hour?
To multiply the single shotted gun
To "Sprays of Death," by which the fight is won?

Hast thou forgot all this, O Teuton vain?
Hast thou forgot from whom thy power to reign,
In Commerce, Art;—in Peace and War,—was giv'n?
Or art thou lost to shame,—as well as Heav'n?

Down on thy knees, thou better had'st been found,
Thanking thy brethren,—unto whom thou'rt bound
By ties like these;—than turning such awards
Into new forms of national discords!

The Hun and Savage both can imitate,
But cannot grasp the deeper meaning great
Of the world's progress and of friendship's way,
That draws,—by *helping!*—from mankind its pay!

So, savage Hun!—the world was not surprised,
When these mad Furies made thee envious eyed;
Filled thee with hatred at the world's advance,
And made thee cast the die for War's dread chance.

6. THE KAISER AND HIS COUNCIL.

The Serbian Watch-Dogs had but given the
note
Of *warning* to the world,—of that fell stroke
That was to come. The Boar-hound, grim and
vast,
Now, sounds the tocsin of red War's *full* blast!

Yet, grim and vast and fierce, howe'er he be,
The Furies, vaster, fiercer far than he,—
Have here outstripped him, and made this their
goal:—
To turn a Nation mad,—and steal its soul!

Before the Emp'ror of Germania's lands
They stand, and Hate presents,—with Rage,—
their plans.
Envy and Malice, Bitterness and Pride
Urge Cruelty and Rapine, Lust and Lies.

The Emp'ror listens and his choler grows,
To Hell, with curses black, consigns his foes,
Summons his cohorts and, with counsel stern,
Bids them go forth, slay, mutilate and burn.

"As Attila, the Hun, did terror spread,
"So spread ye terror, with its mounds of dead.
"Murder the widows, ravish all the maids,
"Fling children screaming into death's dark
shades!

"Make beauteous cities as vast heaps of stones;
"Stay not to listen to the people's groans,
"As fane and temple ye, with shot and fire,
"Hurl down in ruin to attest my ire!

"And, since my Navy cannot now withstand
"The power of our main foe, let U-Boats land
"The fatal shot,—from lurking depths beneath,—
"And make all fear our modern pirate chief!

"Send out aerial Navies, that shall rend
"The Heavens with falling death, on foe and friend.
"Spare not unguarded towns nor Red Cross signs,—
"Kill well and wounded! Leave no trace behind!

"Ye chemists! Make your poison gases foul!
"Spray forth your liquid fires!—and let the howl
"Of living bonfires cheer ye,—as they run
"From the dread hate and fury of the Hun!"

He said: and forth, in serried pride and might,
They went to do his bidding, black as night,—
With their fell thoughts, desires and murd'rous plans!
They vow destruction on all hated lands!

BOOK II.

1. THE RAPE OF BELGIUM.

And where, think ye, these braggarts went
amain?
Not thence, to where some powerful, warlike
train
Could meet their force! but unto Belgium small,
By treaties guarded from the power of all!

What is a treaty to a brigand bold?
"A scrap of paper!"—made to break, not hold!
"A bond for weaklings!"—not for warriors
dread!
Tear up the paper and pile up the dead!

Thus, arrogantly, thought the haughty Hun,
And soon his dev'lish thought and deed were
done!—
Save that the "Dog of Flanders" did awake
That Nation, brave, to all that was at stake!

'Tis now the War Dog's transformation starts.
No longer will he play those awful parts
Of ravager and beast of prey,—to stun
The world with horror as the fight's begun!

Let these grim deeds the Furies, foul, evoke!
He's set to rid the world of War's fell stroke!
By rousing all, to *war on War,* he'll kill,—
Not it's power only, but the *Furies ill!*

He cries aloud! His voice goes through the land,
And summons every noble, patriot band,
To fight,—that War may be forever crushed,
And its base champion levelled with the dust!

They answered! Not in vain that cry was heard!
From every town and hamlet, freemen surge,
To take up arms, against this bloody beast,
And battle 'gainst him 'til all war has ceased.

They realized how much black Hate would do;
Knew they must suffer,—aye, be tortured too!
Yet, rather than let land and freedom go,
They dared all! Stood most bravely 'gainst the foe!

How bravely did they fight! What horrors fell
On their devoted heads! What fiends of Hell
Were loosed on Belgium!—set to bear the stroke
Of all the power that Hate and Hell invoke!

At Aerschot! at Malines!—what fury loosed
The sheeted flame, the shotted gun!—that brooked
Not age, nor sex to stay their purpose dread!
Men, women, *children,* fell in mounds of dead!

Louvain, where stood that Lib'ry vast and grand,—
Few vaster, better, stood in any land,—
They overthrew,—and heaped in one great pyre,
Men, books and babies!—then set all afire!

Tongres, Termonde, Herve, Battice, Molenstede,—
And scores of other towns,—saw carnage red;
Children dismembered! Women outraged, slain!
Men crucified!—embowelled!—fed to flame!

Mad Torquemada, with his monkish hood,
The Duke of Alva, with his "Court of Blood,"
And "Bloody Claverhouse," who Scotland scourged,
Ne'er did, nor *thought* such deeds as these we've heard!

What devil prompted thee, thou Prussian beast!—
To glut thy hellish rage with such foul feast?
Did'st thou not know thou'dst raise the wrath of men
To punish thee, though helped by Furies ten?

Think'st thou that men forget such horrors
black?
That they forget to pity? That they lack
Compassion? Nay! for these damned acts of
thine,
They'll scourge thee! Punish thee throughout
all time!

Thou did'st arouse a demon then, false hound!
By these base deeds, War's wrath is all un-
bound,—
And hurled on *thee*,—as Allies brave arise,
And rush to aid,—e'er bleeding Belgium dies!

'Twas thus, England immediately was 'roused!
France, also, now, brave Belgium's cause
espoused!
And Belgium,—heartened by this promised
aid,—
Waged still the War,—her own loved land to
save!

Liege! Namur—with vigor bold and brave,—
For three weeks held the Hun at bay, and made
It possible, for Bull-dog and Grey-hound,
To warn France,—England,—soon for Belgium
bound!

In time they came! And now great deeds are done,
At Mons and Charleroi, against the Hun,—
By French and English, joined in battle strong,
To crush the Prussian and right Belgium's wrong.

They conquered not!—but ah! they stemmed the tide!
Turned back the Hun,—and humbled Prussian pride!
Saved not the whole of Belgium,—but a part!
Gave courage to the people and fresh heart!

And are the thanks, then, due these Allies brave?
Nay! but the Belgium, whom they came to save!
For Belgium,—small and scorned by Prussian power,—
Saved the world's honor,—in her dreadful hour!

Had Belgium yielded to the Hun's demand,
Or faltered, paltered in heroic stand,
Against those hellish hordes!—all had been lost!
Paris had fallen!—The world paid the cost!

It was at Mons "The Comrade in White" came,
Not more to strengthen English than,—amain,—
To show the world that Christ, *in Flanders,* lived!
And *suffered* there,—true liberty to give!

Ah, little Belgium! Though on thee was pressed
The crown of thorns!—Thou art by this confessed,
Another Saviour of the human race!—
And in the world's heart thou hast highest place!

Aye, Belgium! We will e'er remember thee,
As one who has been crucified!—to free
The world, from infamy and lust and wrong!
Though weak, God made thee Saviour from the strong!

And, when, in distant times, thy deeds are told,
Men hearts will still be stirred, and they'll too hold
Thy name in holiest reverence!—thee adore!
God bless thee, little Belgium,—evermore!

2. THE RETREAT FROM MONS.

Now to French, English, we attention turn,
As they fight nobly on, with vigor firm,
At Mons and Charleroi. Though both's defeat,
Each gains more glory in well fought retreat.

Look how the English, under Gen'ral French,
Are lab'ring hard,—'mid death and toils immense,
At Mons! North of Maubeuge and West of Lille,
Two corps, alone, are stretched across wide field.

Haig leads the first, Smith-Dorrien the next;
French, with such leaders, oft the foe perplexed.
Von Kluck tries to break through and turn their flank;
He's foiled, by plucky British, rank on rank!

It was that "thin red line" that's done so much,—
On many a field of honor,—wrong to clutch
In grip of death! But here the foe's too strong,
The force too scattered to resist for long.

Yet see! They fight on! Nothwithstanding all!
For two days they hold Mons,—while thousands fall!
Then back to Cambrai! Cateau! Landrecies!
Each place a fight for Right and Liberty!

Have ye heard much of that Retreat from Mons?
It was as grand as Vict'ry! and belongs
On Hist'ry's highest page! To brightest shine,
It should be written down in golden line!

As Xenophen, in his Anabasis,
The might of Persian arms could not resist,
But, in "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" men,
Won greater glory o'er his foes again;

And, as, in that Retreat, he learned the way
Of Persian warfare,—where their weakness lay,—
And taught the Greeks where they could next advance
And final vict'ry win o'er Persian lance;

So, now, in this "Retreat from Mons," our men
Learned where to best attack the foe again;
Learned of his weakness,—where to plant their strength,
And win great vict'ry o'er the foe at length.

Aye, and they won great fame! Though heavy pressed,
There was no rout! but they,—most often,—vexed
Their foes with rallies,—brilliant, fresh and strong!
Defeated! Nay! They sang the Victor's song!

And why? Because they knew that they were right!
Because they knew that their "Comrade in White"
Was with them! That through Him they'd glory gain!
If not with living,—then among the slain!

Six days they backward fell! Six days they
stood!
And ere they reached the Marne's protecting
flood,
Of seventy thousand British men last there,
Full thirty thousand fell, or pris'ners were!

Yet, count not this "Retreat" War's awful
loss.
The Huns knew better!—as the line they cross.
They were being led beyond the base they need,
And to defeated, yet, they'll pay the reed!

Ah, Mons! Great Vict'ry, in defeat, was
thine!
Thy record high will last throughout all time!
And men will say, that, by such brave defence,
Thou'st won more glory, at the foe's expense.

And, thou, brave French! and, thou, Sir
Douglas Haig!
And, thou, Smith-Dorrien!—and, men un-
afraid!—
We hail ye Heroes!—to whom fame belongs,
For what ye did, in that "Retreat from Mons."

3. "BACK TO THE MARNE!"

Look, now, how Joffre, commanding forces French,
Orders retreat on all his line,—whose length
Extends from Ardennes' woods to Marne's grim bank;—
They're now retreating only to advance!

How quickly they had sprung their land to save,
When first the wily Prussian stormed Liege!—
To battle his foul way, by War's advance!
Belgium's not wanted! It's the heart of France!

Brave Lanrezac was sent to Belgium's land;
" 'Tween Sambre and the Meuse he took his stand,—
Near Namur. There to help the Belgians bold,
And strive, fair France's frontier strong, to hold.

Meanwhile five army corps, with Castelnau,
Were sent to old Lorraine, where they could throw
Their forces as support, upon the right,
For Ruffy,—sent to Ardennes' woods for fight.

They entered Lorraine, as old friends from
home!
The people welcomed them,—as those who roam
Far from their hearthstone,—and desired to be
Linked up again with France, their homeland
free!

They took Delme, Morhange and grim Saar-
burg strong,—
Which they, alas, were not to hold for long!
The people liberated, sing and shout!
But, soon, the conquerors are driven out.

And Dubail also, under Gen'ral Pau,
Entered Alsace, and happy people show
The dear French flag, once more,—in glorious
pride!
But, here, the Victors do not long abide.

Pau reached Colmar; and, Mulhausen, Dubail.
Then, quickly, on them, rushed the foe to slay.
Back they are driven, far across the line.
Their hope had been,—themselves, to cross the
Rhine!

From Lorraine, also, Castelnau retires;
He takes his stand at Nancy and there fires
His troops with valor,—to resist Crown Prince
And Heeringen. They yield! But,—inch by
inch!

De Cary, Ruffy, now must both retreat,
From Ardennes' forest, where the foe, them, reach,—
Under Duke Albert of Hun Württemberg;
They do such deeds as men have seldom heard!

In Belgium,—Namur falls! Supporting French,
Under Lanrezac, are driven back from thence.
They stand at Charleroi, in two days fight,
But must retreat, as support fails on right.

Back to the Marne they, now, must all retire.
Joffre orders it! Men such retreat admire!
Slowly they move, harassing e'er the foe,—
In solid, fighting ranks, they reach Marne's flow!

The British meet them here! Pressed by von Kluck,
They battled stubbornly, with British pluck!
Now, stand they here, with Joffre, upon the Marne,
Paris to save, from braggart Teuton's harm!

Back to the Marne though they'd been slowly driv'n,
No power could drive them *farther* back,—but Heav'n!
There stood they firm, and, for their valiant stand,
The world, exultant, raised applauding hand!

Retreat, yet not retreat! Defeat, yet Victory!
Such will the world write it in History!
All praise ye, Heroes!—your deeds oft repeat,
As they tell thrillingly of Marne's Retreat!

4. THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

The War's been on a month! The Prussian boast,
That they, in six weeks, would in Paris toast
"Der Tag!"—to *them*, seems near fulfillment now!
They *almost* feel the Victor's crown on brow!

But two weeks more? Ah, foolish, prating Hun!
Dost thou not know the battle's but begun,—
Which is for four long years, and more, to last?
And, when it's finished!—then, thy "Day" is past!

There is a band of men against thee now,
That thou can'st never pass, for they've a vow,
That they will break thee! Crush thee in the mire!
Make thee surrender! Baffle thy desire!

Look, how they're set thy plans to fell:—
Joffre! Castelnau! Petain! Dubail! Nivelle!
French! Haig! Smith-Dorrien!—and,—of men,
—the best
Of France and England!—for this crowning test!

This is no "thin red line," its broad and strong!
A million men, and more, scattered along
This wide extending Front! Thy "Day" will come,—
But, not for Vict'ry—for Defeat, base Hun!

Mark, now, how Joffre his forces well deploys;
So well they're placed, each force Hun's hope alloys!
The French are on the right; British hold left,
While, Petain's centre, Prussia's forces cleft.

Nor is this all: From Paris, soon, there come
A hundred thousand more, to beat the Hun!
By famed Gallieni sent,—at Joffre's command.
They flank von Kluck, as "Joffre the Great" had planned!

Now are the Prussians caught within a trap!
East, West and South, the foe doth o'er them lap!
Petain and English,—Paris forces fresh,—
Push, drive and slay, or Hunnish force enmesh!

Von Kluck turns tail! He races to the Aisne!
His foes press on him hard, with might and main!
He crosses o'er the Aisne! Does there entrench!
The battle's won! English have helped the French!

"We stopped them at the Marne!" the soldiers cry.
Yea, there ye stopped them! though brave men did die,
To make the victory yours and ours to-day!
Hail to the Victors! We, them, honors pay.

Ah, English bold! Ah, Frenchmen brave and true!
The world will ne'er forget these deeds ye do!
"The Vict'ry of the Marne," on Hist'ry's page,
Will glory give ye, throughout ev'ry age!

Though General French did much,—the soldiers more,—
'Twas Joffre the aged, "Papa Joffre," who bore
The highest glory from this great emprize,
And now, in honoring him, each nation vies.

Great Joffre! Though from no priv'ledged warrior line,—
Schooled in hard circumstance and meagre time,—
Thou dost, by Marne, thy name so great enhance,
That, rightly, thou art called: "Saviour of France!"

Like Nelson, thou did'st give thy battle cry:
"Stand here! Yield not another inch!—but die,
"If need be,—for the land and cause ye love!
"The world expects it, and,—our God above!"

And there they stood!—though flaming shot
and shell,
Poured from Hun guns, as from the mouth of
Hell!
They stood? Nay,—conquered! What a glori-
ous day
Was that for France!—and, for the world,—for
aye!

And so, great Joffre! we give thee our ap-
plause,
As thou hast won for us, and for our cause,
Such Vict'ry o'er the Hun and all alarm;—
We'll ne'er forget thee and the glorious Marne!

5. THE BATTLE OF THE AISNE.

Look at the Prussians, now, upon the Aisne!
They know full well their power is on the wane.
They've burrowed there, like rabbits, filled with
fear!
They start trench warfare when defeat seems
near!

Afraid to face the foe, as did the French,—
And British too,—at Marne!—they make defence
Of trench and timber, earth and concrete
mixed,—
With fences of barbed wire about them fixed!

They've "gone to their own place"! 'Tis underground!—
Far deeper yet than this which they have found!
And to that deeper depth, we know full well,
The foe will send them,—to their lowest Hell!

Aye, Prussian! and of this thou'rt fearful too!
Thy conscience pricks, since all thou hast been through!
Thou know'st, that,—after Belgium's tortures giv'n,—
Thou art far worthier Hell, than worthy Heav'n!

See! how he digs, deep down, with might and main!
As if to hide him, from the white hot flame
Of outraged manhood! But he cannot long!
The guns soon reach him! The fight still is on!

From Noyon to La Fere, the line is stretched,
Then South to Rheims, and on to Verdun next.
The Hun's 'gainst Rheims; French, English, 'gainst La Fere,
Both aided by the guns, on land,—in air.

The aero's soon to play, in this great War,
Such part as weapons never played before.
Now though it's armed, its main part is to spy,
And tell its friends where weakest places lie.

Thaw, Guynemer, Lufberry, Chapman too,—
With many others,—take up this work new.
They're in the training, and,—when time is ripe,—
The "War in Air" will count in ev'ry fight!

Now, for twelve days, each flings the battle's gage;
All up and down this wide spread line, fights rage!
Guns roar! The watching aero's fill the sky!
Shells plow the ground, and noble heroes die!

For four days more the fight goes blindly on,—
Save as the aero's see the havoc done!
The men are fighting what they cannot see!
Results can nothing but indef'nite be!

The wily Boche knew what he was about,
When he "dug in,"—refused to "fight it out"!
Fighting like this is worthy Huns that fear
The open face, heart, mind, and—brave men near!

La Fere still stands! French, English, make no way.
Rheims still holds out!—bombarded day by day.
Verdun holds back the Crown Prince,—just as well;
Their only gain is that of St. Mihiel!

6. THE FALL OF ANTWERP AND BATTLE OF FLANDERS.

Two other things occur, while this fight's on,
Which lead to other two, that join in one.
Von Kluck is racing to the sea, to take
The Coast at Dunkirk, or at Calais' gate.

The French go North, by Amiens, to outflank
His army great, with their few forces scant.
They both are brought to deadlock and entrench.
The foe's again outwitted by the French!

The fight for Antwerp, starts last day of Aisne.
The Belgians stand, for ten days, under strain
Of siege horrific;—helped by the Marines,
From British ships, that strive to act as screens.

Their help is useless! Antwerp grandly falls!
The Belgian army rushes from its walls,—
To where the French and English guard their coast,—
And join their forces with the Allied host.

Now from the North Sea to the river Aisne,
And from the Aisne to Verdun, and Swiss chain
Of frontiers neutral, do the trenches run.
A four years' battle is but just begun!

'Tis to the Yser, now, the battle flies;
Dunkirk, with Calais, just beyond it lies.
The Prussians seek to break the weak defence
And take these vital coast towns from the
French.

Upon the battered Belgian force now rests,
Another trying series of great tests;
But they hold out, and foil the Prussian aim,
While British warships help them from the
main!

Between the Lys and Nieuport on the Sea,
There's sixteen German army corps,—to be
Held back by French and British,—Belgium
joined.
To hold them back a new device is coined.

The dykes are cut! The country's flooded
wide!
The Prussians fast retreat before such tide!
The Coast is saved! The Belgians hold their
stand!
They still retain this corner of their land!

Here in this sector, there is now to be,
Another battle joined, that all agree
Has proved as great as any in the War,
For valor, pluck,—endurance steeped in gore!

7. FIRST AND SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES.

'Tis of famed Ypres, Muse, I, now, would tell,
Not of first fight alone, but next as well.
Though they are cut,—by six months,—into two,
Our lads were there, *through all,* their best to do!

The first comes on while Yser's battles rage.
The plucky British set themselves to save,
Not only place itself, but all beyond,—
The Belgian and French coast from Prussian bond.

They save the day, by many a brave advance!
Are beaten back! Advance again for France!
Aye,—and for Belgium! Yes,—for all the world!
That Prussian "Kultur" be not on it hurled!

They suffer much! God—how they suffer there!
Fair Hist'ry's page knows not a deed more rare!
They hold the line! The Hun is backward turned!
His power is vanquished and his "Kultur" spurned!

Then, for that other fight, they six months
wait,
And still they hold the line from Boche's hate!
They're joined now by Canadians, bold and
strong,
Who've crossed the Sea to help right Belgium's
wrong!

'Twas April twenty two, Nineteen-Fifteen,
The Germans came again,—and then was seen,
Sights rivalling,—surpassing those before!—
The spitefullest, most dev'lish of all War!

'Twas there the Prussians first used poison gas;
No man was then prepared, in all that mass,
To meet such deviltry! No man had thought,
That, e'en from Hell, would things like this be
brought!

See how it comes!—a greenish, yellowish haze!
It meets the men, and wind-rows of them slays!
They fall, like wheat, before some Reaper dread!
They gasp! choke! pray!—are numbered with
the dead!

But, did the others flinch? Nay, still they
stood!
And bravely met this dank, insidious flood
Of hellish death! Still held the Prussian back,
From crossing o'er their line to coast attack!

They are encircled, and their end seems near!
But Geddes comes! His five Battalions cheer!—
As they plunge in the fight, their friends to save!
There, they gain glory! There, they find their grave!

Three times that greenish poison haze appears.
Three times they meet it,—without masks—or fears!
They can beat Hell itself, when they're aroused!
For even *devils* have by men been cowed!

For two months they resist them,—beat them down!
The Prussians, by this time, have sadly found,
That Freemen are not quelled by devils damned!
They own themselves defeated! Seek new land!

Thus, did Canadians beat this hellish crew,
And make world catch it's breath!—as they push through
Gas, flame and death, to win that glorious day!
The Coast is saved from Nieuport to Calais!

Aye! Let the British boast Colonials brave!
They've *proved, Canadians,*—who have crossed the wave,—
Can fight like their own brothers!—which they are!
One country 'tis, whether it's near or far!

Canadians! Unto you this day will be,
A bright star in your country's History!
And men, all o'er the world, will loud acclaim,
The far flung glory of the British name!

Hail, then to ye who nobly stemmed the tide!
Who conquered fumes of Hell,—or bravely died!
We give ye glory, as ye've won Fame's meed,
At bloody Ypres,—by such valiant deed!

8. THE BATTLE OF HELIGOLAND.

Turn now with me from land to raging deep.
The battle is on there, with powerful sweep.
The second day of War, the British "Lance"
Sinks "Konigen Luise," as mines she plants.

"Amphion," by German mine's destroyed next day.
One hundred thirty one they foully slay!
But, four days later, "U-Boat Fifteen" 's caught,
By British,—as by "Birmingham" she's sought.

Now, everywhere these prowling U-Boats go.
If they can't win above,—they'll win below!
They stealthily do wait on ev'ry hand;
No ship is safe, from whatsoever land.

They get the "Pegasus,"—French boat
"Zelie,"
In port colonial, across the sea.
The submarine "U-Nine," in one fell hour,
Sinks "Aboukir," "Hogue," "Cressy," by its
power.

The Allies 'rouse! They swear a solemn
oath:—
They'll drive the submarine from ev'ry coast!
To English, most, the work they now entrust;
She goes! Her ships are to all quarters rushed!

Then comes the battle great of Helgoland,
Where English Beatty makes the Prussians
stand,—
As his great fleet lies waiting for the Huns,
With full steam set and heavy shotted guns.

The German Navy, had essayed to hide,
Within the Kiel Canal and Baltic tide;
But Beatty bold, expecting soon their flight,
Met them and won, in Heligoland's Bight!

He meets the "Koln," the "Ariadne,"
"Mainz."
They're struck! They sink within the Bight's
confines!
Two Hun destroyers, also, they assail;
They run! They're caught! They're sunk in
death's dark vale!

Two thousand Prussians in that fight are lost!
Three hundred pris'ners taken, pay the cost!
The British, jubilant, the Fleet acclaims!
They've won most gloriously o'er German aims!

"Aboukir," "Hogue" and "Cressy"! Ye're
avenged!
As other ships will be,—whom God forfend!
They're meeting them e'en now, on ev'ry Sea.
The past is bad! The worst is yet to be!

9. THE "EMDEN" AND FALKLAND ISLANDS FIGHTS.

The raider "Emden" now its power evokes,
In Penang's harbor, French and Russian boats
Are sunk by it,—four British, in Rangoon's!—
While twenty five, from various lands, it dooms.

But England has her colonies alert!
Her own ships, do not only with death flirt!
The others,—from her lands afar,—are those
Who, in colonial seas, Hun's power oppose.

Thus, now, the "Sidney," from Australia
far,—
Who's long been wond'ring where these raiders
are,—
Meets with the "Emden," joins in battle fierce,
Sends flaming shots, the raider's hull to pierce!

See how they fly!—like meteors bright and strong!
The "Emden" 's sinking! Such fight can't last long!
The Germans run the ship upon the beach;
She's all in flames! The Hun is over-reached!

Praise be, to these Colonials brave and bold!
They've done a wond'rous deed, that will be told
In many ages!—as their children come
To hear Australia's Vict'ry o'er the Hun!

Yet, still sad news is brought to England's shore,
For other raiders,—greater malice bore
To England's ships! On "Monmouth" and "Good Hope,"—
Five vent their spite!—too weak with them to cope.

Such fateful news, arouses England's ire.
She sends Sturdee, to meet these raiders dire.
On "Dresden," "Leipzig," "Gneisenau," "Scharnhorst,"—
With "Nürnberg,"—he's to bring a battle, forced!

The Falkland Isles, then, see the great effect
Of British Sea-power,—and more Germans wrecked!—
As Sturdee sights these wily raiders, five,
And forces battle, which shall Right decide.

He meets the foe on a December day.
Spee, dreads the fight, and, seeks to run away!
Vain thought! The "Nürnberg," "Leipzig" are aflame!
"Scharnhorst" and "Gneisenau" sink neath the main!

The "Dresden,"—just escaping by her speed,
Is sunk, still later, for her recreant deed.
The raiders all are lost, not one is left!
Vengeance is won!—in awful glory drest!

Thus were the "Monmouth" and "Good Hope" avenged,—
Thus naval deeds with those of soldiers blend;
And British valor, on both land and main,
Is proved, in fights like these, to be the same.

10. THE CAPTURE OF KIAU-CHAU.

Now farther come with me across the wave,
Where "Flowery Kingdom" lies, with warriors brave.
The Japs are rising! They have made a vow,
That they will take, from Prussia, Kiau-chau!

Two weeks had not yet passed in this great War,
When Jap, to Prussia, ultimatum bore;
Demanding their retirement from Far East;—
Surrender of all China's land they'd leased.

On Kiau-chau, they'd built strong Tsing-tao.
By this great fort, they thought to hold the foe.
But Japs, assisted by the British Fleet,
The guns soon silence and their foes defeat!

Not only do both Fleets take part in fight,
But British-Indian forces,—on the height
Above Tsing-tao,—help Jap forces strong.
The Fort's beleaguered by a motley throng!

See! how East Indians, with Bernardiston,—
And Japs, with Kamio,—attack the Hun!
They take the trenches 'round about the Fort!
They storm the heights and hold them for support!

Prince Heinrich Hill, they carry by assault.
With such brave fighting, East has West at fault!
There's twenty thousand men set there to win,—
To drive Hun from the East as War begins!

Two months and more the battle rages on.
The Fort surrenders as October's gone.
The Prussians yield all East possessions now.
Tsing-tao's gone and also Kiau-chau!

O Japan bold! O Anglo-Indians brave!
We laud ye for the way that day ye save!
At such new foes, base Prussia stands aghast!
The end is certain! Vict'ry will be vast!

Thus have I freely tried to show the trend
Of first year's war, up to December's end,—
With these Allies. Now, help me, Muse, to tell
Of others joined. Of their great deeds as well.

And may I tell them, not as one to please
The ear of groundlings!—who, e'er morbid, seize
Merely the bloody facts within their ken!
Help me, O Muse, to rouse the *souls* of *men!*

BOOK III.

1. THE RUSSIAN VICTORIES ON THE EASTERN FRONT.

Now, look! The Wolf-hound to the North has run,
And roused the Slavs against the raging Hun!
Their hosts pour forth upon the Eastern Front.
They both the Prussians and the Austrians hunt.

As soon as Austria had assailed the Serb,
The "Great White Father" of the North had heard
Their cry for aid,—and quickly came to save
His Slavic people from the Austrian's rage.

The Prussian, then, in "shining armor" bright,
Joined with his Austrian Ally in the fight.
In two months more the Turk has joined the fray,
And, 'gainst these three, great Russia turns to slay.

Berlin's but scant two hundred miles, at most,
From Russ frontier, and,—Allies thought,—the host
Of Russians fierce would soon cross o'er their lines,
And Germany invade, for all her crimes!

That strong frontier, howe'er, is but a wedge
Between East Prussia and Galicia's edge;
Before she e'er on Berlin seeks to drive,
She must clear North and South,—where foes abide.

East Prussia's entered and, at Gumbinnen,
The Russians conquer Prussia! All thought then,—
As five more army corps invade from South,—
The end was near, that they'd drive Prussians out!

They drove them to the Vistula!—but there
The Prussians turned, and boldly flanked them where
Von Hindenburg, at Tannenberg, them meets,
And brings upon them worst of War's defeats!

They're driven back, with seventy thousand lost!
For such attempt they paid a fearful cost!
But, undismayed, they to the South now turn
And raid Galicia,—while their passions burn!

Lemberg is taken, its main city grand!
Halicz and Nickolaiev can't withstand
Their fearful onslaught! Rawaruska too,—
With Jaroslav's strong fortress,—they break through!

Przemysl,—for three month's,—invested now;
The Russians then advance upon Cracow!
Galicia's over-run, on hill and plain!
They cross Carpathians and new vict'ries gain!

In rugged Caucausus, they Turk defeat;
While at Odessa they his Navy meet
And foil! Then, they, through Bukowina's land,
March on,—a valiant, mighty, conquering band!

In Poland too, against von Hindenburg,
They win at Augustowo, on the verge
Of their frontier! Drive through East Prussia
then.
Take Angerburg and Gumbinnen again!

Przemysl falls, through War's terrific blast!
The Austria-Prussian-Turco hopes are dashed!
Poland's high hopes rise to her frontiers old,—
Russia has promised that she'll them unfold!

Przemysl's greatest Vict'ry that the War
Has thus far shown,—and greatest glory bore!
One hundred thirty thousand pris'ners ta'en,—
With millions of war worth, and thousands slain!

No wonder all the world was great amazed!
No wonder Poland, at such news, was raised
So high in hope! Russia at last has won
Supremest place! Has conquered Austrian,—
Hun!

Ah, Russia! What great powers are now thine own,
If thou can'st hold thy faith!—Courage enthrone
In thy weak heart!—And turn that ochre spot,
Blood red with valor, as foes 'gainst thee plot!

2. THE DEVASTATION OF POLAND.

And Poland brave! Lose not thy val'rous heart!
Thou hast been harried;—still must bear the part
Of martyr, in this struggle fierce and long!
But, fear not,—e'en if Russia fails! Be strong!

The Allies all are with thee and thy cause.
Thou'rt new friends gaining daily,—as they pause
To hear thy lot, to read thy hist'ry grim!
They'll fight, and, for thee, independence win!

Ye've thought of Belgium! Think of Poland too!
Know ye not, in this War, three nations threw
Their armies there? That, unlike Belgium bold,
She had no arms to fight,—no power to hold?

If Belgium's harried by the dastard Hun,
Thrice harried Poland's woe is but begun!
Through three long years, she'll have upon her soil,
The scourge of three fierce foes, who her embroil!

Hacked by the shard of War! Plowed by its shells!
Her hideous tortures are like unto Hell's!
Her cities burned! Men, women, children slain!
God! How they suffered! How they cried in vain!

In vain? Nay, not in vain! Save for the day!
Their God has heard them!—and their Allies pray,
That they may be the mightier scourge of *God*,—
Their foes to punish and redeem their sod!

A time will come, O Poland, be assured,
When Allies brave shall have for thee procured
Life,—Liberty! So,—e'en if Russia break,—
Be not cast down! New friends for thee awake!

With these all joined, thou then shalt have thy day.
Not for brief moment but,—please God!—for aye!
The Allies promise it! It is to be!
Poland! Thou shalt be yet, forever free!

3. ITALY ENTERS THE WAR.

But hark! I hear the bay of St. Bernard,
As he has passed each mountain watch and ward,
To rouse his masters! Though held back in part,
He only waits;—does not refuse to start.

'Twas natural that he should hesitate.
Italia's long been joined, in 'fairs of State,
With Austria,—and with Germany the bold;
But, not to *ravage!* Merely lands to *hold!*

Ah, Italy! Though joined in triple strength,
With Prussia and with Austria, thy intent
Was not to war,—save where thine honor led!
And they not keeping theirs,—such pact's now dead!

Honor could never lead thee to invade
A weak land,—from such wrong by treaty saved!
Nor lead thee to crush Serbia to the dust,
Because, foul, treach'rous Austria say'st thou must!

Thou said'st:—*before* the War,—bold Austria's move,
Against the Serb, was wrong! Did'st not approve
Their infamy! And, by *that*, thou gav'st sign,
Thou could'st not join in any such foul crime!

Thy War Dog brave, the massive St. Bernard,
Seemed laggard, as he passed yon mountain ward,
That shut thee off from battle smoke and din;
But we ne'er doubted;—we still trusted him!

His blood was cooled, by thine own Alpine
snows,—
To gentle deeds of *mercy!*—as he goes
To help the lost, to succor dying men!—
But, *now*, he goes,—to foil "The Furious Ten."

As cool in temper, hesitant as he,—
When carefulness will save!—thou heard'st the
free,
Cry loud for help, against oppressing hands.
And this,—this only!—broke down all thy bands.

'Twas this, that stirred the heart of Cavour
strong!
That moved brave Garibaldi 'gainst the wrong!
This, that saved Italy from all its foes,
And raised it Victor from unnumbered woes!

'Twas this, that made Cadorna ready now,—
As, once, his father was, when he did vow:
To give the keys of Rome into the hand
Of his great sovereign,—with united land!

'Twas this, that made Diaz the Saviour, when,
Isonzo brought defeat,—through wearied men!
That made D'Annunzio,—the poet brave,—
Leave life of ease, his own loved land to save!

The challenge heard, thou answered as thou must,—
'Til Italy's proud Freemen turn to dust!
Thy blood is warmed, now, to its fiercest heat!
Thy vow is made! Thou wilt such foes defeat!

But few days passed before thou crossed the line.
Gradisca saw thy fighting deeds sublime!
Isonzo's passed! Thou to Gorizia came,
And threatened Trieste from the land and main.

Here thy great Navy did most glorious deeds!
Here Rizzo, and his men, won their great meeds
Of praise,—as they to Trieste harbor passed,
And sank the Austrian warships 'gainst them massed!

Ah! What a splendid tale my Muse could tell,
Of battles fierce on sea, land,—hills and dell!
Of the Trentino! Sabotino grand!
"Italia Irredenta"!—longed for land!

All these were subject to thy warlike might,
And shall again be thine,—when Peace gives Right!
Freed from the Austrian yoke, with power, by thee;—
Italia,—all!—shall be forever free!

4. BULGARIA, ROUMANIA AND GREECE TO THE FORE.

Heard ye that sound 'Tis the deep-throated
bay
Of Blood-hound, set for where Bulgaria lay.
He reaches that wild land! Sets all aflame,
By his loud cries,—and, Huns, new Allies gain!

Bulgaria longs for Serbia,—or a part,—
To be giv'n her by Austria, in the mart
Of pirates foul,—when they share other's land,
Which soon they hope to snatch from out their
hand!

She longs, again, for the Dobrudja coast,
Held by Roumania;—for commanding post
On the Aegean, now held by Greek power.
Save for these two, she'd never had this hour!

If Greece had listened, when the Allies cried,
Then fair Roumania would have with her vied,
In deeds of greatness!—with Bulgaria crushed
'Tween upper, nether millstones 'gainst her
pushed!

But Greece held back. Roumania waited too.
Millstones are wide apart! Bulgaria's through!
She ravages on Serbia's wasted land!—
Then, Allies, Salonica's port demand!

This was an action, needed to protect
The Allies' Island homes, and to project
Another brave defence of Balkan States,—
Of little Serbia, whom Bulgaria hates.

Save for Bulgaria, Serbia had not lost
All her possessions,—at such frightful cost!
But, hounded, now, by foes, both South and North,
She is compelled to yield! She's driven forth!

The Allies are too late to give her aid!
Greece has held back too long! Roumania brave,
Had gladly joined in that long looked defence,—
With Southern sister helping toils immense!

Ah Greece! Thou hast much more to answer for,
Than that defeat on the Propontis shore,—
That's yet to come! Through thee poor Serbia's lost!
Through thee, the Bulgar's loosed,—at awful cost!

And how? Come, if ye'd know the how and why,
To where the Grecian Isles in beauty lie;
To where Achilles in his tent once lay,
Sulking for Agamemnon's wrested prey.

Now, not Achilles, but all Greece doth lie,
Sulking in tents, beneath the summer sky
Of Aegea's shore, and daily they refuse
To take up arms,—because a woman woos!

Another Helen, in a Grecian court,
A modern Menaelaus set at naught.
Would *she'd* been ravished from her Grecian home,—
And, hidden safely 'neath a Prussian throne!

She, prompted by her Prussian brother's guile,
The Grecian King misled, by every wile
To woman known! Held back the Grecian men,—
Aidéd, abetted, by the "Furious Ten."

They have done much, but there is more to do
Through her,—and through some other people too!
They meet for counsel, all their plans to lay.
Alas, those plans! Alas, that fateful day!

BOOK IV.

1. THE COUNCIL OF THE FURIES.

Have ye, then, thought the Furies quiet were,
After that Council in the Kaiser's lair?
Nay! They've raged, murdered, raped in many lands!
Fury itself, hath broken all its bands!

They were in Belgium, and they Poland broke!
In Serbia and North France, they Hell evoke!
And now, with other lands in mind, they come,
New plans to hatch, for aid of murd'rous Hun!

As Jove and Neptune, Mars and Pallas joined
In secret conclave, and new plots were coined
To aid, or bring defeat on Greece or Troy,—
So now these Furies met in same employ.

Rage now is spokesman and, with horrid front,
She rises,—red and grim from battle's brunt,—
Shakes her dishevelled locks, that drip with gore,
And, unappeased by War, still shrieks for more!

"Hear now ye Furies!" Thus she snarling cries:
"The War is languishing and, *Peace*,—defies
"The brazen Gates of Janus!—op'ed for strife!
"We must fresh counsel take, or,—lose our life!

"Our patrons must be helped,—that Quartette brave!—
"Who make,—for might and conquest,—honor's grave!
"They now are needing all our wiles and power,
"Or they'll be lost, in Freedom's threatening hour!

"The Russians conquer on Carpathia's hill.
"Our virus *works*, but does not work to kill!
"The English, French and upstart Belgians bold,
"Still stand and fight, as though they'd always hold!

"The bold Italians have driven far,
"Beyond fair Udine's bounds, and Trieste mar,
"With shot and shell! The Greeks now restive grow,
"To join the fray, and, with the Allies go!

"All these, with threatening disasters, roll
"Against these patrons, under our control!
"We must now stop them, or dread ruin red,
"Will overwhelm us, with them, 'mong the dead!

"Hear, then, this plan: Go, Envy,—thou and Lust,
"And bring the Russian power into the dust!
"Infest each peasant's mind with envy grim;
"Make lust of power, each fighting soldier's whim!

"Raise Revolution, red, o'er all the land;
"Make Discord and Disorder break their band!
"Thus, shall proud Russia, from her seat be hurled,
"And Anarchy's dread banner be unfurled!

"And, Malice, thou, with Bitterness and Hate,—
"And Cruelty, fore-runner of black Fate,—
"Go ye to Turkey and Bulgaria too;
"Stir up their passions to the worst they do!

"Make them to raven on Armenia's land,
"To murder, burn, pollute that Christian band!
"Draw off the force of England, to protect,
"Possessions in the East, from worse effect.

"And, ye, Lies, Pride of place and pomp and power,
"Go ye, to Greece's court, and give full dower
"Of both, to Grecian Queen! Much have ye done,
"But more is needed, now, to help the Hun.

"Teach her, to put into her husband's mind,
"The pomp and pride of place, that he will find,
"In helping her great German brother's plan:—
"To conquer all the world, and enslave man!

"Teach her, to instil lies, into the heart
"Of Grecians,—which is e'er the Prussian's part!
"To bend them to the German will, her aim,—
"Without a thought of honor, or of shame!

"Go ye, with treach'ry, to Isonzo's banks,
"Ply there your wiles, with Italy's brave ranks!
"Print false reports; assert the Pride and Might,
"Of Austro-Prussia's winnings, 'gainst the Right!

"Create in them a panic, 'gainst such power,
"Through printed lies! Make them, now, think the hour
"Of further vict'ry vain! Turn, turn them back,
"In rout to Venice, at the next attack!

"Go, also, ye, afar across the main,
"To where Columbia lies, with all her train
"Of Freemen bold! Corrupt *her* mind and heart
"With lies, and pride of pelf, and store, and mart!

"Keep her from venturing all, in this great War.
"Make Pacifist, and Alien, put before
"Her soul,—your sub'lest, inmost, dev'lish wiles!
"She must be held! If not by force,—by guile!

"Meanwhile, through all the ranks, thou, Rapine, go
"With me,—to lash to fury all below,
"Who trust in us! We'll bring confusion dire,
"On all who turn from us, and scorn our ire!"

She said: Then, to their sev'ral horrid tasks,
The Furies leaped,—discarding all the masks
They often wear! And, hurrying through all lands,
Work, with dread vigor, to perfect their plans.

2. THE MURDER OF ARMENIA.

And, now, through all their hellish rage, is heard
A cry in Ramah,—Rachel's awful surge
Of grief,—for children, husbands, fathers slain;—
Whose bones lie scattered on Armenia's plain.

As Milton cried:—against Waldensian wrong,—
"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints!"—so, strong
And fierce, arose a cry 'gainst such foul hurt:—
"Avenge Armenia, Lord! Drive out the Turk!"

A million martyrs! Shall such wrong go free?
No! Not while God:—Right, Justice, still doth see!
Not while men's hearts with pity still are blessed,—
To right earth's wrongs, and, champion the oppressed!

Foul butcher Turk! Too long thy reign has been,
Since first "Mahmoud the Conqueror" entering in
To Stamboul and Sophia's sacred fane,—
The Crescent raised; pulled down the Cross in shame!

The Furies may be strong, but stronger still
Is God! And He, through us, will right all ill!
For every wrong unto Armenia given,
We'll punish thee, foul Turk,—accurst of Heaven!

Thy days are numbered! For this last offence,
From Europe thou'lt be driven, and,—hurrying thence,—
Into the desert, whence thou came'st, shalt go,—
Accursed of God! Conquered by Christian foe!

And thou too, Prussian dastard!—thou shalt feel
The thrust and turn of Retribution's steel,—
For all thou'st done in this black horror fell,
That is more worthy thee, than worth Hell!

No devil damned could work such butchery!
The Devil tempts to *sin*, that *it* may be,
The reason for the tortures he would wreak!
Thou did'st not *tempt*, but, struck like some mad beast!

Not Furies, only, but thee, bloody Hun!—
Led on the Turks to these foul deeds they've done!
The Turk admits it! History will tell,
That thou'rt more savage than the fiends of Hell!

For Belgium's horrors, for Armenia's woe,
We hold thee cause! And for it thou shalt know
The weight of all our wrath! By strength of *Right*,
We'll break thee, coward! Conquer all thy Might!

Belgium, Armenia brave, shall not in vain,
Invoke our pity, for their thousands slain!
For woes unnumbered, and for outraged love,
We'll punish thee,—thou beast!—as God's above!

3. THE ITALIAN RETREAT TO THE PIAVE.

At the behest of Rage,—Lies, Pride, now, came
To the Isonzo's banks, close by the main,—
Where Italy had won such vict'ries brave,
Against their Austrian foes, on land and wave.

They ply their lies, through the false, printed
page,
Of newspapers, Italian, they had made
To look like those from home! The men they
stun,
With news of marvelous vict'ries by the Hun!

Wearied by labors, hard, and perils oft,
The brave Italians,—though, first, they scoffed,
At news like this;—at last began to trust,
And weakly turned against the foe's next thrust.

Back, back they're driven, by the vicious foe!
Back, far beyond the Tagliamento!
Until, at the Piave's sullen flood,
They turned and faced the foe, and it withstood!

Here, Diaz bold, has Austria held at bay,
Since Nineteen-Seventeen,—and would for
aye!—
Save that, at last, he'll break through Austrian
stand,
And win,—more than now's lost,—for his loved
land!

Italia ne'er has felt,—the Austrian yoke
Was all cut off, in that great patriot stroke
Of Eighteen-Seventy!—And, now, she means
Italia shall, *at last,* be *all* redeemed!

Yes, and we'll help thee, bold and patriot land!
The Allies now are joined in thy great stand
At the Piave! And they'll see, with thee,
That "Italy Redeemed" shall all be free!

4. THE RUSSIAN DEBACLE.

To Russia, now, those other Furies haste,
Their plans to hatch, and, through them, to lay waste
The pride and strength of all the Slav's domain,—
And bring red ruin hurtling in their train!

They fill the soldiers' hearts with envy,—lust
For other's wealth and power! Make them distrust
Their leaders! Rage and Rapine, them incite,
To turn their arms against each other's right.

The Czar is overthrown! And, for a time,
The Furies' shrieks are stilled, in pealing chime
Of Freedom's bells,—as a Republic grand
Is promised, to this much beleaguered land!

Vain hope! The Furies soon arouse the lust
Of Bolshevik,—and Freedom trails in dust
Of buried hopes!—as Miliukoff and Lvoff,—
Kerensky too,—are by the mob cast off!

Lenine and Trotsky, now, the power usurp!
Red ruin's train,—with every other hurt
Of infamy and woe,—falls on the Slav!
The Furies clap their hands! The Hun is glad!

Through their debaucheries, and vast intrigues,
The army mutinies! The *mob* now leads!
The land unto the enemy is sold!
Lenine's the salesman! He takes Prussian gold!

Their Vict'ries on Carpathia's rugged hills;
Their battles in Galicia, that thrilled
The world!—their fights at Lodz and Dvinsk,—
are lost!
And Russia,—sundered Russia!—pays the cost!

Ah, Russia!—yet, the world cannot believe
That thou'rt so base! That thou would'st thus
deceive
Thine Allies! That thou'dst forget the holy
trust,
Of sacred French and English treaties just!

Thou'st been misled, by foul fanatics base!
Throw off their yoke! Gird up thy loins with
haste!
Much can be done, if thou'lt not count the cost!
Be strong! Wipe out the stain of Brest-Litovsk!

Then shall another Russia great arise,
Under the flaming lights of Northern skies!
Republic grand,—enlightened, just and free!
Throw off the worst! Assert the best in thee!

5. THE DEFEAT AT GALLIPOLI.

And now, to the Propontis' fatal shore,—
Where Greek and Trojan met long years before,—
The English come, like young Leander brave,
The Hellespont to pass, or there find grave!

If Briseïs, stol'n from Achilles arms;
Or Agamemnon, robbed of Chryses' charms;
Or Helen, snatched from Menaelaus' bed;—
The Greeks to slaughter and defeat thus led;—

So, thus, the English, by a woman's whim,
Are made the victims of disasters grim,—
As new Achilles, led by German wife,
Hears Lies and Pride, and then forsakes the fight!

Aye, Pride and Lies,—insidious Furies, sent
By Rage,—have hastened fast on their intent!
They've beaten English! on their errand bold,—
The Dardanelles to win! Stamboul to hold!

They frustrate them at Salonica's port,—
Hold back the Greeks from their long looked support!
Hold back Roumania, waiting for the Greek,
And give Bulgaria time his hate to wreak!

And, now,—Gallipoli they're set to make
Another failure!—by their treach'ries great,—
As they instil their power, through Grecian Queen,
The Greeks to hold and make their plans supreme!

Brave Venizelos tries to stem the tide;
To turn the Grecian Constantine's great pride,
To honor, rather than to pride of pelf,—
The Hun, through Pride, has promised for himself.

In vain, the Premier pleads! The King is set,
To choose the evil, not the best effect!
He thinks but of himself! All other's right
Is camouflaged by Lies, and Pride of Might!

Achan, for wedge of gold within his tent,—
For Babylonish garment, that then meant
The Pride of Place and Power,—forgot his due
To Israel's God! And *Pride* the traitor slew!

But, not alone, his wretched life he lost,—
Dishonor e'er makes others pay the cost!—
His sons and daughters, all with him were slain,
The price to pay, and wipe out the foul stain!

So, Constantine, for pride of pomp and place,
The Hun had promised,—if he'd hold his State
From War,—lost, not alone, his throne and power,
But lost,—for Allies brave,—great vict'ry's dower!

Had but the Greeks expected aid now giv'n,
Gallipoli had ne'er from heroes riv'n
The victory of labors hard and long,—
And Hellespont had heard the Victor's song!

On Lemnos' Isle,—far famed in Grecian tale,
Of Vulcan's nine days fall from Heaven's vale,—
The English made their base, and hoped to drive
The Turk from Europe! Take Stamboul with pride!

Of labors hard and long, of perils oft,
Mine but to tell in part!—How heathen scoffed
Our vain attempts to win, and enter far,
At Suvla Bay,—and deeds at Sedd-el-Bahr!

Gallipoli is like Italia's "foot";
Its "heel" is Kalid Bahr; its "toe" is put
At Sedd-el-Bahr. It's "shin-bone" 's Suvla Bay;
Its "ankle" 's Gabe Tepe,—where Anzacs lay.

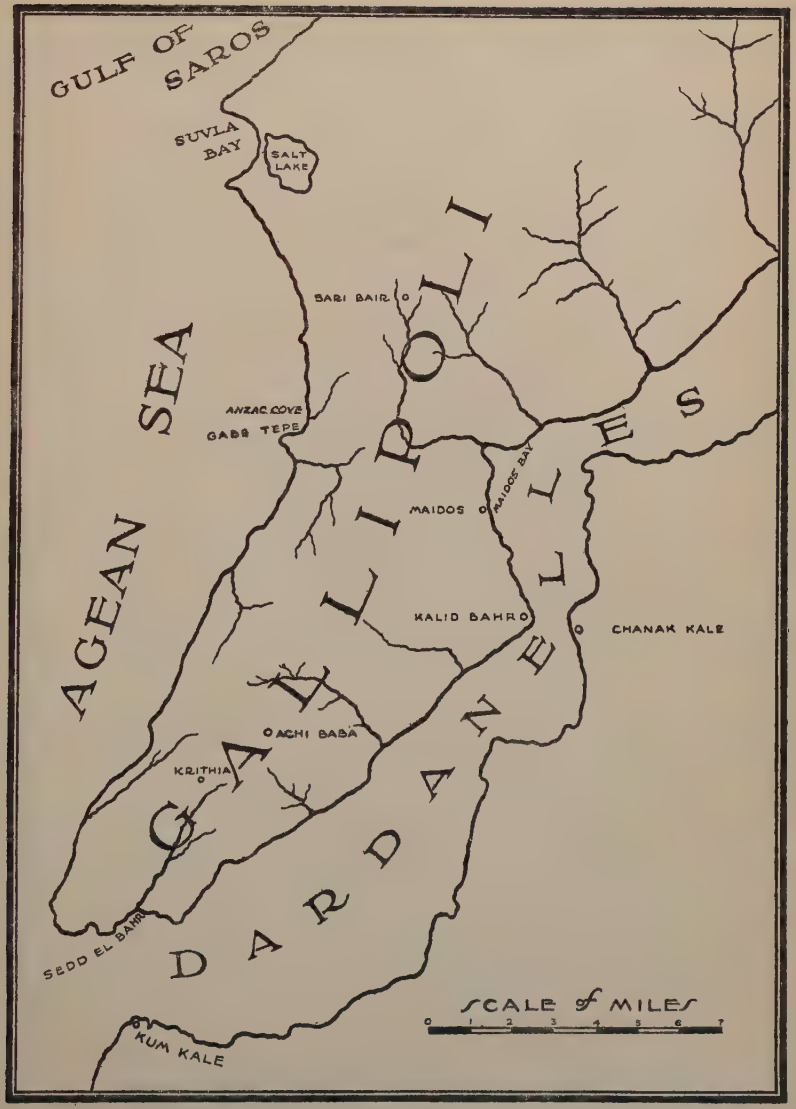
Sir Ian Hamilton is in command.
The forces are from British and French land,—
From India and from Anzac's Islands' home.
Alas! But few will ever homeward roam!

Two plans, to take Gallipoli, are tried:
From Suvla Bay and Gabe Tepe, to drive
Towards Maidos and Kalid, on Dardanelles;
But Sari Bair,—between,—this drive soon fells.

The other is to take, by vast assault,
The "toe," at Sedd-el-Bahr, and make no halt
'Til Kalid Bahr is reached! This is key place.
They must reduce it or their plans efface!

Suvla and Gabe Tepe, with Anzac Cove,
Are on Aegean side, while Chanak rose
In sight,—across the straits from Kalid Bahr,—
With Kum Kale South, where the brave Frenchmen are.

Kum Kale and Sedd-el-Bahr protect approach
To Dardanelles. Kalid, and Chanak, broach
The entrance to the narrows. Fatal spot!
'Tis here the Turks, now, most against them plot.



THE SIEGE OF GALLIPOLI.

Since February, French and English ships,
Have stormed these Forts so grim;—like Death's
dread lips!
Look, now! They think that they have silenced
them!
They strive to pass! The guns burst forth again!

They're in the Narrows, under Kalid Bahr!
It seems the fight is won! That they soon are
To pass to Stamboul! But Chanak breaks forth;
The "Bouvet" sinks while steaming North!

Now, "Irresistible" goes down on fire!
The "Ocean," seeks old Ocean's ooze and mire!
The "Gaulois" 's struck! She 'scapes, but, by a
hair!
They must retire! Defeat is everywhere!

Then come the troops! If not by sea, by
land,—
They are determined to defeat this band!
If they can cross from Suvla, or from South,
They'll take Fort Kalid Bahr and rout them out!

But, on the North, Hill Sari Bair them holds;
On South, 'tis Achi Baba that unfolds
Its heights so dread! With Krithia it holds
sway,
On way to Kalid Bahr and Maidos Bay.

Oh, how the Frenchmen fought!—the British
brave!
The Anzacs, win their glory, here, and save
Their Cove from all the Turkish dread attack!
The Irish,—fight like Irish! Foes they wrack!

Thus, there, they battle 'til December grim.
Though, they oft make assault, and places win,
At Kum Kale, Sedd-el-Bahr and Suvla Bay,
They cannot pass the hills, nor win the day.

They wait for Greek! They wait more help
from home!
From neither doth aid come,—although ships
roam
To Greece,—to grim Gibraltar's frowning base!
They cannot hold! They must give up their
place!

Gallipoli was lost, not by the lack
Of those who fought there, 'gainst the Turk's
attack,
But, by the lack of aid from wav'ring Greek,
And,—by lacked home support,—which made
them weak.

For ten months, they had fought on sea and
land.
Their struggle there was most sublimely grand!
One hundred fourteen thousand paid the cost!
Ah! what a price to pay,—with Vict'ry lost!

Brave Hamilton! Thy task indeed was hard!
Thine not to win, but drop the reeking shard,
In disappointment, pain and deep regret!
But, England's with thee, and,—the world is,
yet!

Nor was it all defeat and bitter pain!
There Rupert Brooke fell!—and gave us this
gain:
That where he fell was England! Holy trust!
Aye! England's planted there in sacred dust!

Thus, England! thou hast well enlarged thy
land,
By death of these brave men, who did withstand,
The onslaught of the Butcher Turk those days!
Their glorious deeds the world will ever praise!

'Tis by such battles great that men are proved!
By this great strife, all those there were endued,
With higher, holier purpose for the Right!
For it they bled,—they *died,* in glorious fight!

Gallipoli! We'll never thee forget!
Thou then, for us, thy greatest glory met!
Defeat like this, we count to Vict'ry giv'n!—
O'er self and Wrong! For Right and Home and
Heav'n!

6. BRITISH VICTORIES IN ARABIA AND THE HOLY LAND.

And other vict'ries, in those Eastern lands,
Made Britian stronger 'gainst those heathen bands!
In Araby,—once blest,—Maude gained Bagdad!
Jerusalem was won, beneath her flag!

Ah, Holy City!—goal of all the world!
Where Frederick and Godfrey high unfurled
That Red Cross banner, sacred now to all,—
Save those who warfare wage in bitterest gall;—

What has thy winning meant to human kind!
What thanks went up from human heart and mind!
When Allenby struck down, from David's towers,
The Crescent, for the flag of Christian powers!

If nothing else were done in this great War,
This one act will be praised, both near and far,
And Britain gloried be for her bless'd work,
In freeing David's City from the Turk!

She has her vices,—who on earth has not?
Virtue is never virtue, if it rot!
Virtue is Innocency, if untried!
It's very *name* means strength 'gainst Vice and Pride!

Vice we must have, if we would Virtue gain;
The two are in us and must fight amain!
But, 'tis the *battle* that decides the plan,—
By conquering Vice, thou'lt be a virtuous man!

Through many struggles Britain has come scathed.
She has been often *wrong!* Often has placed,
Her worst self for the better portion's part!
But, though in some things small, she's great of heart!

"The least shall be the greatest!"—that's the word
God gives to little nations, that would surge
To highest heights! Thus Britain, though so small,
Has reached the highest! How?—Through care of all!

I place her not the highest in *all* things.
Italia! France! America!—have wings
That far out-soar her, in some other flights!
But, she stands first, as Knight of Human Rights!

'Twas this! that made her,—in Columbia's hour,
When Prussian George had exercised his power
At Lexington,—denounce the monstrous ill!
Wear Crepe, for those who fell on Bunker Hill!

'Twas this! that made brave Fox and Burke
and Pitt,
Rail at their Prussian King and think it fit,
That officers and men desert their posts,
And make George fill his ranks with Hessian
hosts!

'Twas this! that made her stand by threatened
France
At Agadir!—when Prussia made advance
Against her!—and hold back the threatn'ing
might,
Of German wrath, 'gainst France and the
world's right!

'Twas this! that hurled her in the deadly
breach,
When haughty Prussia did with malice reach
Towards Belgium! Britain's part in all to guard
"The Rights of Man," with gen'rous watch and
ward!

'Twas this! that made her hated, most of all,
By Germany!—who vowed to make her fall!—
Inflamed the people,—who in wrath did wait,—
And turned them mad, with Lissauer's "Hymn
of Hate"!

Ah, Britain! This doth most thy glory prove!
'Gainst *good,* the Devil e'er doth set Hell's brood!
Thus, as 'gainst thee Hun sets "The Furious Ten,"
It but puts thee in highest place again!

Champion of Nations! Knight of Human Rights!
We hail thee! Glory in thy righteous might!
May it be ever used, as now, to save
The world from Wrong! Weak from dishonor's grave!

BOOK V.

1. BACK TO THE WESTERN FRONT.

Now let us back again to Western Front,
Where French and English Allies bear the brunt,—
With Belgians,—of the Prusso-Austrian Power;
Backed now by Turkish and Bulgarian dower.

These Butcher nations little help can give,
In battles where our Western cultures live;
They in the East are set, to watch the font
Of Euxine's Sea, and guard the Hellespont.

Within the West, Austria with Prussia joins
To foil the Allies, and gird up their loins
For final Victory! Obsession rank!
They cannot conquer, nor their foes outflank!

Upon the seas they are out-witted too,
With all their submarines and pirate crew!
England still sails the seas! Still sends her boats,—
Loaded with fighting men,—to France's coasts!

No tongue can tell of all the warfare base,
Upon high seas, by that perfidious race
We're fighting!—Neutral ships,—Red Cross sent down!
Relief ships, — sunk with wounded, — men astound!

But England still is watching them, and soon
She visits on them still another doom!
For all their pirate fights beneath the waves,
She, now, a great sea fight 'gainst them essays.

2. THE BATTLE OF DOGGER BANK.

'Tis Dogger Bank, that sees this furious tide
Of naval warfare 'gainst the Hun allied.
Beatty's awaiting them! Again he wins!
The Prussian's punished for his Hunnish sins!

The "Moltke," "Seydlitz," "Derfflinger" have been
Bombarding England's coasts, with terror grim.
They, then, with "Blücher," start to reach their base,
And boast their "vict'ries" to a gloating race!

Too late! The Dogger bank's between them now!
"Lion" and "Tiger," "Princess Royal" vow,—
With "Indomitable" and "New Zealand" too,—
To capture or to sink them,—their just due!

The German fleet's hid by flotilla vast
Of submarines,—destroyers,—and they mask,
The movements of their master ships, 'neath smoke,
As, 'gainst such power, fight they dare not provoke.

They run! "Indomitable" has the range!
She's pouring shot and shell! Their course they change.
The "Moltke" 's hit! "Seydlitz" "Derfflinger" flame!
They, limping, leave the fight,—through the smoke lane.

The "Blucher" 's not so fast. She's then attacked.
"Lion" and "Tiger," 'round about her,—lacked
Not "Princess Royal" 's nor "New Zealand" 's strength.
She's riddled fore and aft!—and sinks at length.

Now, limp ye home! Ye three of pirate band!
Tell to your conferes, throughout all your land,
That thus it is, that England meets her foes!
Thus, she them conquers! Thus, she overthrows!

3. THE ESTABLISHMENT OF "WAR ZONES" AT SEA.

The English now,—to further foil the Hun,—
Draw cordons 'round her seas, and then's begun
That seizure of supplies for Prussian homes.
The Boche, in rage, establishes "War Zones"!

The English had permitted food supplies
To pass to Belgium,—ere poor Belgium dies,—
To starving French towns, neath the Hun's foul yoke,—
As Hoover planned, and world's help did evoke.

But, the base Boche, seized even these dire needs,
Or sunk them in old Ocean's slimy weeds!
Left nothing safe,—for Red Cross or the poor!
How long, O Lord! can world such ways endure?

'Tis then all neutral nations feel the power
Of this "Mad Dog of Europe," and the dower
Of Hell, he soon bequeaths to them and theirs!
He has no pity! Listens not to prayers!

This is it that begins estrangement sure,
That will, through many years, full long, endure;
As nations oft remember Prussian ban,
And all his pirate deeds, that Hate did plan.

This, was it, that first started certain train
Of circumstances, that the years made plain;
As the United States,—protesting long,—
Then threw her forces in with Allies strong.

Ah, Germany! How foolish thou hast been
In thy "Diplomacy"! Thou might'st have seen
Such deeds as these,—like those 'gainst Belgian race,—
Would rouse the world, and thee full soon abase!

If thou had'st had *moral* diplomacy,
Thou might'st have kept England within the lee
Of her own shores! Nor forced United States,
To launch her power 'gainst international hates!

4. THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA.

Look what thou'st done in this same fateful year!
May has just come. The mating time is here.
Men think of life, not death! Of love not hate!
But thou, foul Hun! still think'st of death and fate!

Out from New York, May third, there grandly sailed,
The "Lusitania,"—pride of all!—and hailed:—
The fastest ship that ever sailed the sea!
But,—Death outstripped it! Hurried on by thee!

The Germans knew she sailed,—had planned their deed,
Before she left! Had reckoned on her speed!
Knew where they'd meet her! Had the U-Boat wait!
Then, hurled her to the sea's most dreadful fate!

May seventh, it was. Four days they've sailed in peace.
The Irish coast is almost in their reach!
The day is perfect. May sun shines on all.
None think that in such scene black death will fall.

'Tis two-fifteen! The luncheon's hurried through,
That all may watch from deck the land long due.
Children are playing games! All trusted so,—
There's not a gun on board to fight a foe!

But hark! From upper bridge there comes a cry:
"Torpedo on the right!" Too late they fly!
It strikes the ship! There's two loud shuddering shocks!
Where peace was, panic reigns,—as the ship rocks!

The Captain cries, "Haste! Haste, and man the boats!"
They're manned!—while, 'neath the sea, the U-Boat gloats,
On such destruction foul! He's gained the cost!
In twelve brief minutes, 'neath the waves she's lost!

Ah, scene of death! Ah, Hate's incarnate deed!
No men could wreak such Hell,—save Hunnish breed!
'Leven hundred sent to death,—in such short time!
Men, women, *babies!*—Those of yours and mine!

Hark! to the wail of the world's aching heart!
See! how the teardrops from her eyelids start!
The world is sorrowing, while Hell laughs in glee!
And Hun joins in,—his hideous deed to see!

A brazen medal did the Prussians make,
To celebrate this horror, that did shake
Our souls with wrath!—Death grinning at a gate,
Selling dread passports to such ruthless hate!

Vile Hun! For this we'll give thee passports too!
Thou art not wanted with world Freemen true!
"Ephraim's to idols joined! Let him alone!"
Let him with beasts, not men, henceforth then roam!

The die is cast! The Rubicon is crossed!
The world's against thee, now, and thou art lost!
Thou'lt never rehabilitate thyself again!
Thou art cast out of God! Accurst of men!

5. THE DEADLOCK IN THE WEST.

Meanwhile they're deadlocked on the Western line.
All armies are entrenched, and lie supine
Through all of Nineteen-Fifteen,—save for those
Who sorties make and Prussian flanks oppose.

Did I say all? Forget not what's been told,—
That Ypres' second fight, this year unfolds;
Nor of advance at Neuve Chappelle,—
Where, massed artillery fire's, first, used so well.

England is working now, with might and main,
Munitions to prepare, that not in vain
Our men may wait. Lloyd George is to the fore!
He sends the shells! He helps speed on the War!

Forget not, also, that great Lens attack,
Where Anglo-French did grandly drive foe back!
And, though, at Loos, the English suffered much,—
'Twas for the Right! To free from tyrant's clutch!

Then, too, occurred that field of Vimy Ridge,
Where British, under French, fresh battles give.
This was that strange fight,—on, and under ground,
Where they took deepest trench as well as mound!

'Twas there the sapper at his best appeared.
In mines and tunnels, furious spurts, Hun feared,—
As foe blew up positions thought too strong,
E'er to be taken. Such did not last them long!

This is a War, where every man they need;
Not soldiers only,—cooks,—religious creed!
Sappers, photographers, Y. M. C. A.!
Knights of Columbus, "Tommy-Waacs" so gay!

E'en, the Salvationists, stopped from usual work,
Turned in as cooks,—they would no labor shirk!
Pies, doughnuts, cakes, they made, for soldiers there!—
And made them, gave them, every time with prayer!

Aye! Let our praise, to these be also given;—
Men, *women* serving,—as if serving Heaven!
Hid from the world, in lowly tasks they toil.
They too are saving Liberty's free soil!

6. THE MURDER OF EDITH CAVELL.

Ah! And forget not, in this fateful year,
Edith Cavell, in glory doth appear!
As she is seized,—to Hun's most lasting shame;—
Tried as a spy, and, then, most foully slain!

And on what did she spy?—on suffering men!
On men who needed help!—which she gave them
So freely!—to Belgians, English, French,—
Ah, how she gave herself! To what great length!

And, ere she died,—condemned to "Kultur's"
goal!—
She all forgave! To God consigned her soul!
"I must endure! I must not hate!" she said,
And, gladly, died, for saving those who fled.

Compare such words of hers with those so
base,
Stamped on each Prussian soldier's "token's"
face:
"Strike! Strike to kill! Kill many as ye may!"
"No questions will be asked in Judgment Day!"

Inhuman Hun! In Judgment Day so dread,
What visions will rise 'gainst thee from the
dead!
The Lusitania's victims! Belgium's Hell!
And the pure soul of martyred Nurse Cavell!

Ah, woman brave! Ah, mother heart so true!
The world is honored as it honors you!
Proud tears we shed, as we, with glory, tell,
The deathless deeds of brave Edith Cavell!

7. THE CAPTURE OF THE GERMAN COLONIES.

Remember too, that in this "quiet year,"
For England,—there in France,—she's filled
with fear
The Hun in Africa! Where Botha takes
The German South-West lands as War's estates!

And if I have not time to later state,
How he lost *all* his colonies so great,—
In Africa, and Islands of the Sea,—
Know, I've to tell of greater things to be.

Yet, let me here now mention General Smuts;—
His deeds in Afric's land, against foul gluts
Of Prussian passion! In that land remote
He drove the Hun from all the South East coast.

Nine hundred thousand miles, in square, they held,—
Throughout all Africa. But, now, they're felled
From their possession,—by the fiery deeds
Of British Boers, whom brave De Smuts thus leads.

In all of Africa there's nothing left!
Togo! the Cameroons! Africa South-West,—
With South-East Africa!—all, all they owned,
Is gone!—because brave men the right enthroned!

If, e'en old enemies, Great Britain can,
Thus, well amalgamate, and win the van
With them,—'gainst Prussian wrong and Hun ill-doers!—
Hail, to the British! and, thrice hail, the Boers!

Gone, also, boasted Island holdings grand:—
Samoan Group, and Kaiser Wilhelm's Land;
The Mariannes, Pelews, and Bismarcks' reach;
The Marshalls, Solomans, and Carolines' white beach!

We've swept the sea not only of his ships,
But of his Islands too!—where Ocean dips
From West to East! Through all earth's wide spread land,
He's nothing left,—save where home bound'ries stand!

8. VALE! SIR JOHN FRENCH! AVE! SIR DOUGLAS HAIG!

The year now closes with last act that's cheered!
Sir Douglas Haig, has to the world appeared,
As leader of all British force in France.
Sir John French is called home for high advance.

Brave French! Though thine has not been, here, the lot
Of conqueror,—thou wilt not be forgot!
We'll praise thy deeds at Mons and Le Cateau,
And all thou did'st, with Joffre, at Marne's grim flow!

Thy brilliant fight, with Hun, upon the Aisne,
Has also won for thee a deathless fame.
Though thou retirest here, thou art not through!
Thy valedictory is: "Still will I do!"

Now Haig! Thou'rt in the van, where thou
should'st be!
Much will depend on thee to set world free,
From Hun's oppression, and from bloody wrong!
Show all thy valiant soldier soul! Be strong!

A year, is just before thee, that will try
Thy heart, soul, strength,—as brave men nobly
die!
But thou wilt win, if thou to end endure;
Fight on! Strive hard! The Victory is sure!

THE SIEGE OF VERDUN.

BOOK VI.

1. THE SIEGE OF VERDUN.

The year Nineteen-Sixteen is but begun,
When the Crown Prince determines,—at Verdun,—
To win his way, through force, to heart of France,
Seize Paris and o'erthrow the world's advance!

But, at Verdun, Petain in fury met
This braggart,—and immediately was set
The stage for action and for deeds sublime,—
Such as earth's seldom witnessed in all time!

As, at the Marne, such victory was won,
So, at the massive fortress of Verdun,
Another deed for Freedom did emerge,
That made the world's heart beat with quicker surge!

This fight's to last, not for brief day, or week,
But ten long months!—as Crown Prince tries to wreak,
His vengeance on that brave, devoted band!
He's filled with rage that they dare *him* withstand!

Look, now, how struggle at Verdun occurs:
It is important stronghold on the Meuse.
It well commands her heights—the hills beyond,
The plains of Woevre and bold Montfaucon.

Argonne's deep woods are West, Briey is East,
With all it's mineral treasures to be reached.
Lorraine's not far beyond, nor St. Mihiel,—
Nor Metz, that German frontiers guards so well.

You see how much this strong position means.
It is a constant menace! And it seems
To mock the power of Prussia,—threatening, grim,
Her fair frontiers! They must the fortress win!

To guard Verdun still better than before,
Gen'ral Serrail,—when Liege fell in war,—
Had planned for thirty-six extending lines
Of trenches deep, in five mile close confines.

The key positions are grim "Pepper Hill,"
That leads to Douaumont;—a ravine's "fill,"
Near Fort de Vaux,—well called "Ravine of Death";
Then "Dead Man's Hill,"—told of with bated breath!

Now, mark these key positions: On the North
Is "Pepper Hill,"—with Douaumont set forth
Just South. Then Fort de Vaux, upon the East,
While "Dead Man's Hill,"—on West,—though
last's not least!

'Tis "Dead Man's Hill" that is the key of all.
On this they struggle most. Here thousands fall.
This,—though in part,—they never gain as
whole.
This gained!—they would have gained Verdun,
—their goal!

Four phases are to show in this great fight:
Three planned by Prussians, one by French for
Right.
One to take Douaumont; one Fort De Vaux.
By third they seek o'er "Dead Man's Hill" to
go.

The Crown Prince plans attack North, East
and West;
He's cannon planted,—of Krupp's largest,
best,—
In Forges' Woods, at Gremilly, Spincourt.
To withstand these, Verdun must much endure!

Eighteen divisions spread o'er seven mile
front,—
From Brabant to Herbebois,—and he doth hunt
For means to fully girdle strong Verdun.
His plans are laid! Look!—now the fight's be-
gun!

There are but three divisions, 'gainst eighteen!
But, these are *French!*—And they have long had spleen
Against base Prussia,—who did rend their land,
In Eighteen-Seventy. They have vengeance planned!

They'll stand! They'll *fight!* They've long been wanting this!
Though they are three against eighteen,—they're fit
For all! They gird themselves! They know they'll win!
They'll punish Prussia, base, for all her sin!

Hark, how the cannons roar! The fight is on!
From sixty batteries they roar as one!
In all War's history there's never been,
Such great bombardment, one lone fort to win!

As fight starts on the North,—tis "Pepper Hill"
The Crown Prince storms,—and Douaumont so still.
The Kaiser watches from a neighboring height;—
He sees how weak is all his power 'gainst Right!

The guns still roar, but, now, the Infantry
Pour on the trenches, and great valor see,—
As Frenchmen, overmatched, still bravely stand!
They fight for Liberty and their loved land!

The Prussians, now, have taken first line trench;—
They've taken second, though with loss immense!
For seven days they fight! Fresh force comes on!
They fail at "Pepper Hill" but win Douaumont.

The Kaiser's gloating as he sees the sight!
He thinks the Vict'ry's his! That his great might
Has won! But, Petain comes, in fiery haste,
The day to save, and Prussia's power to waste!

He orders counter drive! The French storm forth!
They take Douaumont's trenches, South and North!
The fort's beleaguered! They're at deadlock now.
Douaumont shall be theirs,—the Frenchmen vow!

Thus ends first phase, while Vict'ry still enthrones
French banners,—as they fight for land and homes!
"They shall not pass!"—the hardy Frenchmen cry:
They have not passed, though thousands nobly die!

The second phase begins in March' bleak days.
Now "Dead Man's Hill" 's the prize. Prussian essays
To conquer it. From West they swarming come,
With twenty thousand troops! They think they've won!

They take the lower ridge! The top's still held
By valiant French! In twelve days' fight, they weld
Their forces closer,—when again attacked
By raging Prussians, thus against them massed.

And, now, these storm, once more, brave "Pepper Hill."
Here they're repulsed, while French their thousands kill.
Nine Infantry divisions, in these drives,
Are sacrificed, by Prussians, to Allies.

The third phase starts in May, and now they go
To take "Ravine of Death" and Fort de Vaux
A whole division's slaughtered in ravine;
They win it,—but de Vaux still stands serene!

Nivelle has taken charge, after Petain.
He stormed Douaumont, just as he began;—
Enters the Fort but cannot hold it long,—
The Prussian is too well entrenched,—too strong.

They opened sixty Batteries on "Death's Hill"
They clear the top, but cannot take it, still!
The French hold Southern slopes! .Fight hand to hand!
The top remains a barren "No Man's Land!"

Raynal's de Vaux's Commandant, and he leaves
Nothing undone to outwit their grim siege.
For six days he's cut off from water,—food,—
But still he held them back! Bravely withstood!

And, long he might have held, but now they use
Hell's blast, in liquid fire,—War's worst abuse!
Starving and famished!—burned with liquid fire—
They must surrender,—yield to Prussian ire!

Here one great act, we must to Hun award,—
Few other doth he through this War afford!—
He now refuses Raynal's sword, to show
His admiration of such noble foe!

Ah Hun! If thou had'st thus considerate been
In all thy fighting!—we would not have seen
Such outrages in Belgium,—Poland too,—
Where, Hell itself ne'er thought such deeds to do!

But, we are grateful, for this act of thine
Towards Raynal, and de Vaux's brave men sublime.
We are encouraged that e'en thou, base Hun,
Can glory give, when such great deeds are done!

The fourth phase is one planned by daring French.
They waited long, but now begin at length,
Counter offensive 'gainst the Prussian power.
October *starts*,—December *strikes* French hour!

Nivelle, East of the Meuse, North of Verdun,
Makes furious sorties 'gainst the ruthless Hun.
Retakes Douaumont! Captures Fort de Vaux!
In one day, takes three thousand from the foe!

He's called to chief command, of armies French.
Mangin succeeds him and keeps up offence!
Takes Prussian trenches on a six mile front!
Wins prisoners, nine thousand, in long hunt!

The Crown Prince yields! He sees 'tis little use
For him to fight there, even if he loose
The power, 'gainst them, of all his Hunnish band!
He is defeated! Seeks some easier stand!

Thus, was the Vict'ry at Verdun procured.
It, greatest blessings, for the World, insured;
Fresh courage gave the Allies bold and brave;
Kept France from Prussian! Honor from its grave!

"Passeront pas!" The Frenchmen nobly cried:
They passed not!—for these Frenchmen bravely died!—
Rather than yield the way for Prussian lance,
Their loved to slay, and pierce the soul of France!

As, brave Horatius, kept the bridge of old;—
Leonidas, Thermopylae did hold;—
So kept the French the fortress of Verdun,
And held at bay the baffled, thwarted Hun!

If, brave Horatius and Leonidas,
Deserve the praises of the world's great mass;
Let us, to these, award the meed of praise,
Who nobly held Verdun, our Cause to save!

Petain! Nivelle! Mangin! French soldiers grand!
We greet ye! Hail ye Saviours of your land!—
And of the Cause, by Allied strength espoused,
Saved, once, by Belgium! Twice, by France, aroused!

And, thou, Verdun! Thou evermore wilt be,
Linked in our thoughts with noblest History!
As here thou stopped the savage, raging Hun!
Hail, to the Victors! Hail, glorious Verdun!

2. THE FIRST AND SECOND BATTLES OF THE SOMME.

But, now, while this has been transpiring here,
Still other deeds of glory do appear.
Upon the Somme a battle long has waged,—
Since July hath the world with beauty blazed.

Ye Freemen! Give your heart's attention here!
As I recount brave deeds of Allies dear,
Who fought with Haig upon the river Somme,
For God and country! Rights of man and home!

Now Haig! Thy time has come! Thy mettle show,
Against this bestial, this outrageous foe!
Here let thy name be made! By deeds, acquire
That brightest honor,—that has passed through fire!

Have ye the picture of the river Somme?
It runs between Amiens and Perrone;
Thence South to Ham and North to St. Quentin.
This is the sector where the fight began.

'Tis mostly North of these the fight is waged,
Where French and British there, with force, essayed
To drive the Hun far back; renew their lines,
And drive them forth from all of French confines.

The English and the French, that "quiet year,"
Did much to strengthen forces, and appear
With better plans to overthrow the Hun.
They use them here! That's why the fight's begun!

A million and a half, the British have,
Stretched twenty five miles long, in Belgium sad,—
And sixty five miles further on French soil,—
From Flander's line to Somme, where they now toil.

The French have built large guns, to blast their way
Against the "bomb-proofs," and make them their prey!
They've built their "soixante-quinze," mobile and strong,
Rapid to fire and be as quickly gone!

Since Nineteen-Fifteen, British swiftly made
Their ammunition reach its highest "wave."
They're making now, more than six hundred
times,
What they made year before, for their great
lines!

Those lines are stretched here, for this battle
great,
From Gommecourt to Estrees' fair estate,—
In smiling Picardy! For thirty miles,
They lie in beauteous fields, which War defiles!

To get the theatre these struggles own,
You must draw line from Bapaume South to
Chaulnes;
To Perrone East, back to Bapaume again.
This triangle is filled with fighting men!

Perrone's the centre, East, and object huge,
Of this great strife; that has grim men endued,
With courage fierce. Bapaume is next desired,
With Combles, Chaulnes,—if they can be ac-
quired!

July the First, has, now, just fresh emerged,
From yesterday,—when the grim battle's surge
Begins,—with thund'rous sound of myriad guns,
That overwhelm, astound, the sleeping Huns!

"Bomb-proofs," ere thought inviolate to
stand,
Are smashed, like kindling, by big gun's de-
mand.
The lighter "three inch," bark their challenge
bold.
Hell ne'er, such noise infernal, surely holds!

The British, have their line from Gommecourt
To Mametz South, and on the foe they pour
Both shot and shell. They take their first line
trench!
Their second! third and fourth!—with bloody
wrench.

First day they take Mametz, Montauban too!
On seven mile front, British have broken through
South-East from Fricourt,—towards Perrone at
length.
They cannot take it! They need greater
strength!

Meanwhile, the French, North of the Somme,
Have taken Curlu, small, and Hem, alone.
South of the Somme, they've taken Dompierre,
Becquincourt, Flay, Herbecourt, Estrees the
fair!

North of Thiepval, British are nonplused.
They are turned back, though brilliantly they rushed,
Again and yet again, on foe they hate.
He can't be moved, nor they gain Bapaume's gate!

Three weeks they fight, with varying success.
But little's gained! They strive to onward press;
Yet, they can make no farther headway, then.
They must await fresh aid,—new force of men.

Through August, thus, a battle drawn appears.
Each side is busy at their fronts and rears,—
Placing new forces, planning greater drive;
Then Allies hurl on Hun their great surprise!

The Battle-planes have been developed far;
They're used at Somme, the enemy to jar
From strong positions by the bombs they drop;
They're gun's "eyes" too,—to find foe's weakest spot.

But now, another arm is used to fright
The Hun from his morale, in Second Fight
At Somme!—which starts on second of September's days,—
He sees its dread approach, and, fearing, prays!

It is the "Tank,"—the dreaded British
"Tank"!—
Built in America, from "Tractors" lank!—
Armored and turreted with guns, en masse!
They run! They fear to wait and stop its pass!

As, at the Siege of Carthage, Romans used
Their "Tortoises,"—vast iron scale'd brood!—
That moved on wheels, with men beneath them
set;
So, now, these "Tanks," the foe most grimly
met.

And, as, at Carthage, "Tortoises" turned back
Fire, boiling water, missles without lack;
So, now, the "Tanks" stopped not at machine
guns,
Nor fire, nor wire,—nor trench,—to reach the
Huns!

Onward they plow, like great Leviathans!
Trees, fences,—trenches crash on every hand!
The Prussian flees! The rout is panic rank!
He dare not stay! Naught can withstand the
"Tank"!

From Thiepval to Combles they crashed
through.
The Hun's dismayed,—o'erwhelmed by deeds
they do!
Courcelette falls! Martinpuich! Merval!
Combles is last, with Northern Thiepval!

Fayolle gains Combles, with brave Micheler,
While British Gough and Buttler win the day
At Thiepval. For this, France honors them,
With special medals,—for War's bravest men!

French, now, fair Chaulnes besiege, but Huns endure,
Though Frenchmen take Pressoir and Ablaincourt.
Then English storm Bapaume! It counts for naught,—
Though they win Eaucourt and grim "Stuff Redoubt."

They take Le Sars,—just four short miles away;
They take Divion,—Beaumont in one day!
They win at Beaucourt,—Grandcourt also yields;
But, still, they fail to win most longed for fields!

Bapaume and Chaulnes, with central, strong Perrone,
Still stand intact,—still, there, Huns power enthrone!
But for their price,—seven hundred thousand men
Have paid in full! The War's 'gainst them again!

They know it!—for they've brought von Hindenburg,
In haste, from East to West,—to stop the surge
Of vast defeat! Yet all is now in vain,
Though Hindenburg succeeds von Falkenhayn!

Ah, Hun! In vain thou bring'st thy "Iron Man!"
He's only "Iron" on a wooden plan!
As Prussians, to his lumber statue led,
Drive nails into his wooden frame,—and head!

He's driven back upon the Western Front!
Fails at Verdun! Finds this not "Russian Hunt"!
And, though he makes advances, still he's held,
As French and English power with Belgium weld.

Thus, were these two great battles of the Somme
Fought by the French, and men from British home.
Advance was small, yet they gained golden mean,
Hun's power to crush, as is, thus, quickly seen:—

By these attempts, they drew Hun forces West,—
From Russia,—and, thus, did at once effect
Those Vict'ries great, on all the Russian lines,—
As they drove Austria back from their confines.

They also, thus, relieved brave, grim Verdun,
From greater fury of the baffled Hun!
Wore down the Prussian forces, 'til they're weak
For other Allies on them power to wreak!

Ah! What a field was that in Northern France!
In Flanders and Alsace where they advance!
They fought,—they died! They gladly paid the toll!
Their names are written high on Fame's great scroll!

There, Donald Hankey, like Joan of Arc,
Had visions, as he reached the Victor's mark;
Exulting cried: "I've seen with eyes of God!"
And, glorying, fell, upon the blood stained sod!

"In Flander's Field," brave Colonel John Mc Rae
Fell at his post;—but, ere he reached that day,
He wrote: "Take up our quarrel with the foe!"
And with this challenge died: "Where Poppies Grow"!

That challenge reached the world! All quickly
cry:
"We'll take their places, as these heroes die!
"Their quarrel, just, is ours, and we will win,—
"As they did, at the Somme, 'gainst Prussian
sin!"

Brave soldiers of the Somme! Brave Gen'rals
there!
We give ye but your own, when we declare,
That what ye did, those days, was to the world,
Man's best incentive,—towards his flag, un-
furled!

We greet ye, Heroes! Honor you as such!
Shed tears of pride, for those thus brought to
dust!
Praise your devotion to your land and home,—
Aye, and to world!—as for them ye won Somme!

3. THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND.

'Twas also, in these summer months, there
came
Great news, not only from the land, but main,—
As Prussian Navy, once again, doth cope
With British Sea-power, and,—with greater
hope!

Come, Freemen! Gather 'round me while I
tell
Of mighty deeds, by those, who, fought so
well,—
That Time was startled! History's great pen
Was stopped!—as she, amazed, watched val'rous
men!

Then, filled with Inspiration at such deeds,
She furious writes, with facile, flowing reed!
Sets down the record, as she saw it there,
And high inscribes it on her pages fair.

Look o'er her shoulder! You may see the
page,
That filled her with such wondering amaze!
This, is *her* statement, of these deeds immense;
She puts it thus:—All in the present tense:

"Attention, world! A fight's now to the fore,
"Surpassing all! Greatest in all Sea War!
"Off Jutland's rugged coast the scene is set.
"The ships are gathered as at Neptune's beck.

"Look, now, Trafalgar! to thy laurels bright!
"Mycale! Salamis! yield up your right
"To highest place! This fight, shall be to men,
"Hist'ry's crown jewel, in Fame's diadem!

"It is a May day! The great Fleet rides by
"In her full glory, neath a Spring-time sky.
"The 'Galatea' sights the wary Hun!
"Sir David Beatty wires: 'The fight's begun!'

"The Hun,—now brave, because of greater force,
"Seeks not to run, but kill without remorse!
"The 'Indefatigible' he strikes down,
"And the 'Queen Mary,'—ship of great renown.

"The 'Nestor' and the 'Nomad' bravely go,
"Against superior force, to stop the foe.
"They're beaten! Find a glorious, watery grave!—
"But take two German ships beneath the wave!

"Brave Beatty, signals, quickly: 'Nor'-Nor'-West!'
"And goes to meet von Hipper, with great zest.
"One German sinks! Another, now, is lost!—
"As Beatty Eastward turns. Hun pays the cost!

"The wireless, now, has brought bold Jellicoe.
"He adds the Grand Fleet's power against the foe;
"Sends Hood to lead with the 'Invincible',
"It's struck! It sinks! Great God!—what woeful ill!

"The powers of Hell seem now all loosed on
them.
"The ship 'Defence' proves no defense, just
then!
"They sink her with a storm of shot and shell!
"The 'Warspite' saves the 'Warrior' from such
Hell!

"By jamming of her rudder, she is swerved,
"From out the battle line, and so she served
"As shield for 'Warrior',—saved from further
wound;—
"She later sinks, as she is homeward bound.

"Though sinking, thus, these British ships
amain,
"The baffled Prussian knows his task is vain;
"Prays that the night would come, his path to
hide,
"That he may safely reach the Baltic tide!

"But now, the Grand Fleet, under Jellicoe,
"Keeps back the Prussian, from where'er he'd
go.
"It mainly keeps him from his Baltic host,
"While Beatty keeps him from the Jutland
coast.

"The dusk comes on, and still the fight's against
"The English!—as 'Black Prince's' loss, incensed
"Their leaders brave! The 'Tipperary' sinks!
"The 'Turbulent' goes down o'er ocean's brink!

"The 'Ardent,' 'Fortune,' 'Sparrowhawk' go down;
"Also the 'Shark,'—in glorious renown!
"Such loss, so great, will surely break their will!
"But no! Look close! England is at it still!

" 'The trouble with the English', one once said:
" 'Is that they never know when "beaten dead"!
" 'They rise again! Hold on, like bull dogs grim!
" 'And when, — to all, — defeated! — Start to win!'

"Thus was it now! They held such losses nil,
"As long as they'd a man, or ship, or skill,
"To rally all, on one grand, glorious stroke!
"They scorned defeat! They'd Vict'ry still evoke!

"Look now! Through all the gath'ring smoke and murk,
"What is it that their eyes see on them lurk?
"It is the 'Lutzow,' greatest pride of Hun,
"By her the battle will be lost or won!

"Down she comes steaming on the battle line!
"On her the British guns beat dreadful chime
"Of clangor wild! See now! She stops! She shrinks!
"She's hit a score of times! She flames! She sinks!

"The 'Pommern' comes amain,—not half her size,—
"She's driven down in flames, as vict'ry's prize!
"The 'Rostok,'—lighter, speedier,—tries to run;
"She's sunk, while her retreat is but begun!

"Look how the 'Ebling' tries to steal away!
"Alas for her!—she's but another prey
"Of strategy, and sea manœuvres grand!
"She's overwhelmed!—flaming on ev'ry hand!

"The 'Weisbaden' now seeks to run afoul
"The enemies' great ships;—begins to prowl
"In darkness on them!—but the dark is lit
"With flaming wrath! She's also in Death's grip!

"The 'Frauenlob,'—the lightest of them all,—
"Thinks she can play with death and yet not fall!—
"Stings like a wasp, darts quickly from her prey;
"Is over-reached! Falls! Dies within the fray!

"Five other boats, of the torpedo class,
"Are finished, one by one, with squadrons massed
"Against them. The others, turning, flee!
"The fight is won! 'Twas Death or Victory!

"Ah, rugged Jutland! What a story thou
"Can'st tell, of valor, under Death's dark prow!
"Of Beatty, Jellicoe, Arbuthnot, Hood,—
"And all those sailors brave who might withstood!

"Their deeds will long be told in sounding song!
"Their names be written high, where Heroes throng!
"Their mem'ry will, throughout all time, prevail!
"They won for all the world! Hail, Heroes! Hail!"

4. THE DEATH OF LORD KITCHENER.

'Twas this defeat, that, later, made them wait
For Kitchener, embarked, on 'fairs of State,
For Russia,—that he there might plan their "Drives"
'Gainst Prussian horde, who still the Slav derides.

Four days have passed. Enraged by Jutland's
shame,
They lie in wait upon the billowy main,—
Their wrath to hurl against the pregnant head
Of all their woes,—who Britain's forces led.

The "Hampshire" comes in view, and, on her
deck,
Britain's Commander walks, with head erect.
There comes a shuddering shock!—engulfing
wave!
The Hero of Sudan finds martyr's grave!

Brave Kitchener! We hail thee! Greatest
mind
That England has evolved in modern time,—
For strategy and War's elaborate plan,—
Thou wast, in thy great day, her Super-man!

And now the Orkney Isles thy requiem sing!
Yet that U-Boat, or Mine, to thee did'st bring,
Not death!—but glorious Immortality!
Thou art not dead! Thou live'st in History!

BOOK VII.

1. AMERICA AROUSED.

'Twas just as this foul deed our wrath evoked,
That German submarines new rage provoked,
As "Deutschland" crosses o'er Atlantic's
breadth,
Defying Navies, storms and ocean's depth.

She lands at Baltimore in U. S. A.
And makes America fresh heed now pay
To this great War; as Hun shows how her coast,
Can easily be reached by Prussian host.

She thinks of it still more October eight,
When six great merchant steamships meet their
fate,
Off East Nantucket,—by "U-Fifty-Three";—
She sees by this just what her fate may be!

Then, is it, that the Mastiff's cry is heard!
Then, is it, that all hearts are deeply stirred,
As, that great War Dog, o'er the Sea has come,
To 'rouse his masters ere worse deeds are done!

America! Thou hast most tardy been,
And tardier still, for all thine eyes have seen
Of wrong and infamy,—oppression's woe,—
Hurled on weak nations by a bloody foe!

Thou heard'st the cry of Afric's slaving
horde;
The swish of "bloody Weyler" 's tyrant sword!
Thou leap'st to save the slaves, set Cuba free,
Was bleeding Belgium less than these to thee?

Thou had'st thy troubles! Yea, we know thy
plight:
A melting pot for nations, who, need light,—
Strength and cohesion, — from thy teaching
grave,
Ere they are fit to help, to fight, to save!

Thou must be patient, careful, just and wise,
Before thou start'st on any great emprize;
Draw, alien children, heart and soul to thee,
Ere, thou, with them, can set weak nations free.

And, then,—thou bearest much before thou'rt
waked!
How much thou bore before our fathers staked
Their all at Lexington!—at Sumter brave!—
At Santiago, from the Spaniard's rage!

And much, we know, with patience, thou hast
borne,
Of Hun's atrocities and Prussian scorn,—
Against thyself,—as well as woeful plight,
Of Serb and Belgian, from Teutonic might.

Their dev'lish U-Boats, swept the open sea
Of thy most peaceful craft! The "Gulflight" 's plea,
"Ancona" 's too and "Lusitania" 's woe
Still, did not drive thee, mad, against the foe!

Not in blind rage, then, did'st thou cast the die
For War! Thou pray'dst for *Peace*, and thought it nigh!
But, when all hope for Right and Peace had fled,
Flaming with wrath, thou call'st thy Freemen dread!

How they responded! North, South, East and West
Came rushing at thy call, with furious zest!
From San Diego unto Sandy Hook,
They thund'ring came! The plains and mountains shook!

And now, they're lined with Allies strong,
Against the Hun, atrocity and wrong!
America's brave Freemen set to save,
Their weaker brethren from the fiend and knave!

So, we forgive thee all thy long delay;—
Thank God, we lived to see this glorious day,—
When brave America, unselfish comes
Into world battle 'gainst the treach'rous Huns!

But, mark, America! The Prussian lance
Of wrath and hate, now, most 'gainst thee's advanced!
To thee, now, more than England, with power great,
They dedicate another "Hymn of Hate!"

They were so oily gracious to us, when,
Bernstorff and Dernburg represented them!
While Boy-Ed, with his sly and treach'rous wile,
Masked his fell purpose 'neath a Prussian smile!

These were the patrons foul of Pride and Lies,—
Sent here to aid,—and soon o'er Nation flies
A cloud of "Propaganda," black and base,
Exuding falsehood, watering "Pride of Place"!

They told of what we were and what we'd be,
If we would listen to them and keep free
From this great War! That, it was not *our* part
To help the *English,* but—fill up trade's Mart!

They showed the horrors of outrageous war,
Said this was worse than all that was before!
Appealed to mothers to save sons from death,
Cried: "Peace at any Price!" with great effect.

The Alien and the Pacifist were 'roused.
The bold "I. W. W.'s" caroused
On German gold! The tim'rous slacker, too,
Was told how he might his "safe" course pursue!

A venal Press was sifted from the mass
Of Patriot papers, paid, to bring to pass
Corruption vile, through lies and pride of pelf;—
To preach: "The War's not ours! Pile up your wealth!"

Peace meetings great were held,—paid for by them
Who *break the peace,* and foist foul War on men!
While Statesmen, high in national esteem,
Join with the "Claque," and, manhood thus demean.

And, now, plots thick and fast are sown by spies,
Who scurry fast through every State,—where lies
A chance for injury! The calmer spell
Has vanished! Now they loose the fiends of Hell!

Ships, bridges, factories are fired, amain!
The plotters hurl on all a hellish train
Of Prussian frightfulness! No one is safe.
The country doubts all those of German race!

Dernburg is banished, when he loud exults,
In Lusitania's horror, that results
In loss of o'er a thousand precious lives.
He praised the deed!—Our pity, great, decries!

One hundred and fourteen, from our own land,
There went to death, by that same pirate hand!
Not only men but women,—infants small,
All killed with hate,—by him who hateth all!

O Lusitania! Ship of Destiny!
Thou'lt ever be remembered,—and we'll see
That thou'rt avenged! All this great loss and woe,
But brings us nearer death grips with the foe!

Boy-Ed is also tracked in plots and wiles;
He's sent to exercise his treach'rous smiles
In Prussian court! There best they're exercised,
Before a Kaiser who has Truth defied!

Now Secretary Zimmerman begins
That plot with Mexico, that is to win
Her help against us,—if we start to war,—
And give her land, she'd lost to us before.

And then there comes that ruthless order grim,
Of U-Boat warfare dread, now to begin,
Again, in all its terrored "Schrecklichkeit,"—
That scorns all law and ignores Freedom's right!

We are to sail, only at Prussian nod!
Obey her absolutely, like a God!
Put forth on certain days, in certain lane,
Striped like a felon!—or be foully slain!

2. AMERICA DECLARES WAR.

This cuts the Gordian knot! The die is cast,
For War's arbitrament, and plucks the mask
From Prussian intrigue and from Prussian lie!
The War is on! We Germany defy!

April the Sixth, Nineteen-Seventeen, will be,—
With "Glorious Fourth,"—twin days of Liberty,
When we arose against *two* Prussian Kings;
Declared our Independence!—clipped their wings!

Ah, how "the heathen raged" when we forsook
The paths of ease, and, from our bodies shook
The sloth of years! How they our cause maligned
And sought new terrors, or new taunts to find!

They said, that we were weak, afraid to fight!
That we were selfish;—cared but for our might
In money making! Had no men, ships, arms,
Fit to do battle or to cause alarms!

They said, that we could never cross the Sea!
That Europe was too far for us to be
Of use to Allies! That their boats would sink
Our transports, and, bring us to ruin's brink.

Our answer to these mouthings, all the world
Reads, now, most plainly, as our flag's unfurled!
Our arms, our ships, our men, are soon made known,
In such dread power, as shakes the Prussian throne!

Before a year had passed a million men,
Trained and equipped, were fit to do again
All that their fathers did at Lexington
And Gettysburg, but, now,—against the Hun!

They crossed the Sea! They braved the U-Boat's power!
A million and a half,—before the hour
Had struck, for our brave lads to bear the brunt,
Of War's red rage,—upon the Western Front!

A Million and a half! No transport lost!
Is this the way thou make'st us pay the cost
Of thy displeasure, Prussian U-Boat dread?
Or art thou sleeping? Or art almost dead?

They land in France!—Brave France that
fought for us,
And here left many in our hallowed dust!—
Given to our country, in its hour of need,
The Cause of Freedom,—Human Rights to
speed!

Aye, France! We're paying now our thanks,
in part,
For Rochambeau's and Lafayette's great heart!
As they fought for our land, so, now, we're
brought,—
To fight for thee and thine! Set Hun at naught!

For Lafayette, we've sent thee Pershing,
France!
For Rochambeau, Sims, and our ships, advance!
These faithful watch-dogs of the Sea and land,
Are joined now with thee, heart and soul and
hand!

With England, Sims has joined his naval
power,
To thwart the submarine and bring the hour
Of safety to the Seas! So well he's done
That all our soldier ships have 'scaped the Hun!

With France, especially, Pershing is bound.
And, when he landed, to the hallowed mound
Of Lafayette he came, and o'er his grave
Cried: "We're here, Lafayette! We're here
to save!"

At old "Chemin-des-Dames," in the Champagne,
In Alsace, and at Toul, near fair Lorraine,
They stationed them, in four vast sectors, then,
And, there, great deeds were done by our brave men.

Three lads of ours: Hays, Enright, Greshem bold,
Were first to fall, Democracy to hold!
And now, "somewhere in France," their bodies lie
Honored as those who, glad, for Freedom die!

And others there were given the Croix de Guerre,—
With Palms! Still others: Medaille Militaire,—
For bravery and courage in the fight,—
As they bore bloody baptism for the Right!

This, was the skirmish line! The test to come,
Would greater be against the maddened Hun.
When, not to check, but, to drive back the foe,
Our lads would be sent forth,—and cheering go!

Cheer, then, for these! Americans, be proud,
That these your sons are by the Lord allowed,
To fight in such great cause! They soon the scale
Will turn to Vict'ry! Allies must prevail!

3. WORLD AND WAR CHANGES.

America! 'Tis well thou'rt now in line!
The War's just gained another lease of Time!—
As changes in the dynasties appear,—
And in the cabinets,—preceding year.

Just as thou camest in, there had gone out
Hoary Franz Joseph, lost in death's dread bout!
And, his grand-nephew, Austria's throne now takes,
Anxious to win prestige, through War's grim stakes.

Von Jagow has resigned, and Zimmerman
Holds Foreign Office for the Fatherland.
Asquith's retired, replaced by brave Lloyd George;
Ribot succeeds Briand, French power to forge.

The Czar has been deposed, with Lvoff in place,
As Premier of unstable Russian race.
With Trotsky and Lenine to come, full soon,
And sound the knell of proud, old Russia's doom!

And, just as thou did'st enter, Douglas Haig,
At last, reached that for which he long had prayed!
As in great March offense, he wins Bapaume
And thirteen hundred square miles on the Somme!

He's gained more than, first, aimed for!
Chaulnes, Perrone,
With Mont St. Quentin,—not far from the home
Of Hindenburg's new line,—called by his name
And destined to grow great, in next year's fame.

This some have called the second fight of
Somme.
But, Huns fight not! They're routed! Quickly
roam,
Behind new lines;—while French take Noyon,
South,
And Tergnier,—from La Fere, just two miles
out!

Came Arras' fight and Vimy Ridge once more,
Where they first Hindenburg's great line did
bore;
Where Vimy town and Ridge fell by assault,
And Haig, held all Hun line at serious fault.

Then came the French offensive on the Aisne,
Where they the Prussians fight and win new
fame.
They drive them back on twenty-five mile front,
From Rheims to Soissons under battle's brunt.

Now, Hindenburg is at his last defense;
He must fight here, or meet defeat immense!
He lies upon his arms, strengthens his power,
And waits for "Spring Offensive,"—and, his
"hour."

'Tis here, Americans await his drives,
With French and English, now their strong
Allies;—
With Belgium,—and with Portugal, now in!—
And hosts of others set world's cause to win.

4. THE CATALOGUE OF THE NATIONS AT WAR.

And here, since I have catalogued before,
The Furies fierce, and all the Dogs of War,
I well might mention, now, those nations brave
Set 'gainst the Hun, Humanity to save.

"The Great World War," this has been justly
named,
For thirty-six world powers the War's inflamed!
Thirty are in the fight, through State act done,—
Six sever all relations with the Hun!

I have not told them in detail, 'till here,
As some do not, until, thus late, appear.
Some few are lacking yet, but, joined at last,
I place them here, ere to fresh deeds we've
passed.

Base Prussia! Be thou first, with horror,
named,
As cause of all this woe, against world aimed!
False, arrogant, a tyrant 'gainst the free,
What does world's honor mean to thine, or thee?

As Xerxes did, with fury, beat the wave
Of Hellespont, that dared his bridge to lave,
With power, above the zephyr wind and tide,—
And whelm it 'neath its waters deep and wide;

And, as Canute, to teach, brought down his throne
To where the Seas their mighty power condone,
With England's shores;—and bade their waves be stayed,
Nor dare encroach on Kingly power arrayed;

So, thou, in fury, tried to stop the Sea
Of human Freedom, that was madd'ning thee!
Called out thy Prussians, Hessians, and the rest,
To try stop sweep of Liberty's wave crest!

As Canute taught, and Xerxes learned to see,
So, thou wilt learn, how foolish 'tis to be,
Opposed to Nature's forces, or God's plan
For Human Freedom and the Rights of Man!

And next, thou, Austria! Catspaw of the Hun!
What awful deeds hast thou, in treach'ry done?
With Turkey,—bloody Butcher of the East!—
And base Bulgaria, set for War's dread feast!

This is that Quartette foul, whose furious plan
Would ruin and enslave the race of man!
Now, hark, as I recount, with pride, to you,
The list of Allies set for World Cause true!

First, Serbia brave, resisting e'er the strong!
Then, bleeding Belgium, suff'ring shameful wrong!
France, La Belle France!—the pride of all the world!
And, Britain Great, whose flag was soon unfurled!

Russia, the Wolf-hound of the North, then comes,
But, soon, alas, from Prussian power it runs.
Then brave Japan, that won at Kiau-Chau!—
And Montenegro, with its Slavic vow!

Italia, belove'd! now comes on;
Quick, facile, virile; a rare fighting one!
Then San Marino, with Republic small!—
And Portugal, from near Gibraltar's wall!

Roumania, now, turns from halting Greece;
With Allied Argonauts she'll win "Gold Fleece"!
Then, comes United States, with power elate,
She'll turn the tide of battle for Cause great!

Cuba and Panama, now, join the van;
Greece, laggard Greece, comes in with far Siam.
Liberia's joined! Brave China and Brazil!
Bold Guatemala's next, the list to fill.

Then, Costa Rica, with a fair disdain,
For Prussian prowess, joins the Allied train!
And, Nicaragua the vote doth pass,
'Gainst Hun,—with Haiti and with Honduras!

The Czeckoslovaks, next, we hear in fight,
'Gainst Prussian power,—in Russia's awful night!
The fiery Jugoslavs, new formed, are last,
But win full honor, 'gainst the Bulgar massed!

The first of those declaring sev'rance swift,
Of all relations, with a foe that's gripped
With hate so foul,—is Egypt, sleepy son
Of Nile;—that rouses just as War's begun.

Next, is Bolivia far, that dreads the day
Of Hun oppression,—with the world at bay!
Then, San Domingo, where brave L' Ouverture,
Led warriors black, for Liberty so dear!

Now, comes Peru, where, bold Pizarro's band,
Fought well of old, o'er all fierce Incas' land!
Then, Uruguay, washed by Atlantic's wave,
And Ecuador,—though small,—that longs to save!

This is the list of those that did enrage
The hate of this Quartette,—that dared to wage
War on three-fourths, and more, of all the world,—
On thirty-two great powers, with flags unfurled!

Unlike Benhadad's Kings of Holy Writ,
These two and thirty were both strong and fit!
'Twas Prussians that, like them, drank themselves drunk,—
This time with rage,—and fell before foe's front!

As, 'gainst them, then, the mighty Lord and God,
Fought for His Israel, and their native sod!—
So, now, 'gainst Prussian power, His mighty arm
Is loosed, and hurls on them all War's alarm!

Ah, Prussia! If thou'dst calmer, saner been,
Thou never would'st have thought that thou could'st win,
Against such mighty force and right combined!
Our God's against thee!—with most of mankind!

What, if, the Furies, now, thy gods implore,
From old Valhalla, for aid in this War?
What, if, they counsel still and give their aid?
Thou can'st not win, 'gainst all this force arrayed!

BOOK VIII.

1. THE COUNCIL OF THE FURIES WITH THEIR PATRONS.

Whom gods destroy, they first, we're told,
make mad,—
And thy gods, Hun:—Thor, Wodan, fierce and
bad,
Are set, thee to destroy, by counsels vile,
Aided by Furies, with their craft and guile.

Not that they're turned against thee and thy
"welt,"
But, vaulting ambition oft o'erleaps itself!
And so the Furies now, in council grim,
Lay out a plan that is too rash to win.

Rapine now leads that throng. Her voice is
hoarse
With cries for ruin, yelled without remorse,
In din of battle,—crashing towers that fall!
And, 'bove the pleas of ravaged, worst of all!

She has in hand Thor's hammer, loaned by
him,
For her fell purpose, in her conquests grim!
Wodan has loaned his wolves,—and ravens
black,—
These last, devour what's left by wolfish pack.

Unsatisfied by these, in other hand
She holds a flaming torch, to fire the land.
She breaks with hammer, then destroys by fire!
Sets wolves on living; when dead,—ravens dire!

Thus stands she 'fore Crown Prince and Hindenburg,
While Cruelty and Malice by her surge,—
With Bitterness and Lust,—in passions vile!
Rage, Hate, Pride, Envy, Lies,—all back her guile!

Hark, how she mouths and croaks, with fiendish glee!
At what, through her, they've done!—What's yet to be!
And then unfolds her plan, which, if it's hurled,
Will bring destruction upon half the world!

"Ye patrons of our arts and infamies!
"Ye have done well, as most the world now sees!
"Though beaten back by Haig and by the French,
"Ye worked our plans both in retreat and trench.

"From Rheims to Roye, from Roye to Arras North,
"Ye left a wilderness, as ye went forth.
"Ye sacked Noyon, Bapaume, Chaulnes and Perrone!
"There's not much left above the river Somme!

"Wells ye did poison, fruit trees cut amain,—
"Fair smiling orchards, fields of waving grain!—
"Farm houses, temples, homes and cities too,—
"All ye did ravage! 'Twas what *we* would do!

"Now ye're entrenched,—on thy line, Hindenburg!
"'Twill yet be months before ye can emerge.
"Make much of all these months! Pile up your guns,—
"Men, ammunition! Make all fear the Huns!

"Now, listen while I tell, what will you make
"The dread of all your foes, both small and great!
"That will work havoc where ye cannot reach,
"And rapine, red, impose! New horror teach!

"Let Krupp work out for you a super-gun,
"Immense, horrific! Worthy of the Hun!
"Plant it in forest, hid from all foes wiles,
"Make it with range to reach full seventy miles!

"Then, when the Winter has given place to Spring,
"Let drive terrific, on full line begin.
"From Arras to La Fere drive British out,
"From La Fere unto Rheims make a French rout!

"Then drive, still drive the hated foe amain!
"Let what ye've lost, be small part of your gain!
"Drive them from Somme to Aisne, from Aisne
to Marne!
"Slay, fire and pillage! Work on them all harm!

"Set up your super-gun for Paris range!
"Fire on her homes! Let not a church be
strange
"To rapine's glut! Destroy her worshippers!
"Shock the whole world with all that there oc-
curs!

"Thus terrorized, France shall be easy prey!
"Paris shall fall! Ye shall have there your
'Day'!
"Versailles shall see, again, your flag unfurled!
"France shall not yield alone, this time, but
world!"

She said: and the Crown Prince, with Hin-
denburg,
Applauded all her words! Then were there
heard
Shrill shrieks of joy, as, Furies, black as night,
Rushed out rejoicing! Delirious with delight!

Then, through the Winter months, Hun's plans are fit
Into the Furies' methods, bit by bit.
They strengthen all their force, make "super-gun,"—
They're ready for their drive when Spring's begun.

2. THE SECOND RETREAT TO THE MARNE.

March twenty-first, from Arras to La Fere,
They sweep in hordes, to where foe's trenches were;
Take them by storm,—or by their treach'rous wiles;—
Drive back the British, one thousand square miles.

Then from La Fere to Rheims, as Furies planned,
They make another drive, where Frenchmen stand,—
Aye, and Americans!—at Chemin-des-Dames!
Drive all, from there, right back unto the Marne.

Meanwhile, on West, they drive them back by force,
And threaten Paris fair, without remorse.
The Furies' "Gun," from over seventy miles,
Rains shells upon her,—her fair grace defiles.

The sacred House of God has ne'er been safe
From Hell's mad fury,—nor from Prussian hate!
And, now, 'mong Easter worshippers, the Hun
Hurls death, as Furies urged, with "super-gun"!

And are these brave Parisians abashed,
By all these cruel horrors 'gainst them lashed?
Nay! though the shells, women with children slay;
The *dead!*—the living cry: "Speed, France, *our* Day!"

Aye! and she'll speed it, with her Allies brave,
Set now at Marne, again fair France to save!
Though they've been driven back, they'll turn foe here,—
As they did once before, and made Huns fear!

A plan is made to make that day more sure,
As all the Allies mass to now immure
The Prussians,—ere they cross the sacred Marne
And wreak on France, and all the world, more harm!

They have, through perils, more united grown.
They fight as *one,* and o'er them they enthrone
As leader, one who represents fair France,—
Brave Foch the Great,—to stop the foe's advance!

Thou hast been at the Marne before, great Foch!
'Twas here thou won'st vast Vict'ry 'gainst the Boche,—
As thou did'st hold him back, with Joffre the grand,
And, helped Joffre, Paris save from bloody hand.

Now, thou art set, not only to hold back,
But to drive *far* this same false, murd'rous pack!
And thou wilt do it,—with this new offense
Of Unity,—Coöperation's strength!

Ah, what coöperation now is here!
America and England, Belgium dear!
France, Portugal and Italy so true!
Go forward Allies! Show the best ye do!

3. THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

O Muse! That did'st inspire old Homer blind,
With Milton, Vergil,—Xenophen's great mind!
Help me to tell of one great battle long!
Greatest in hist'ry! Worthiest of song!

'Tis Second Battle of the Marne I'd tell,
Where Prussians, once again, have brought their hell
Of hate and rapine!—And where Foch now leads
His men against them,—set for mighty deeds!

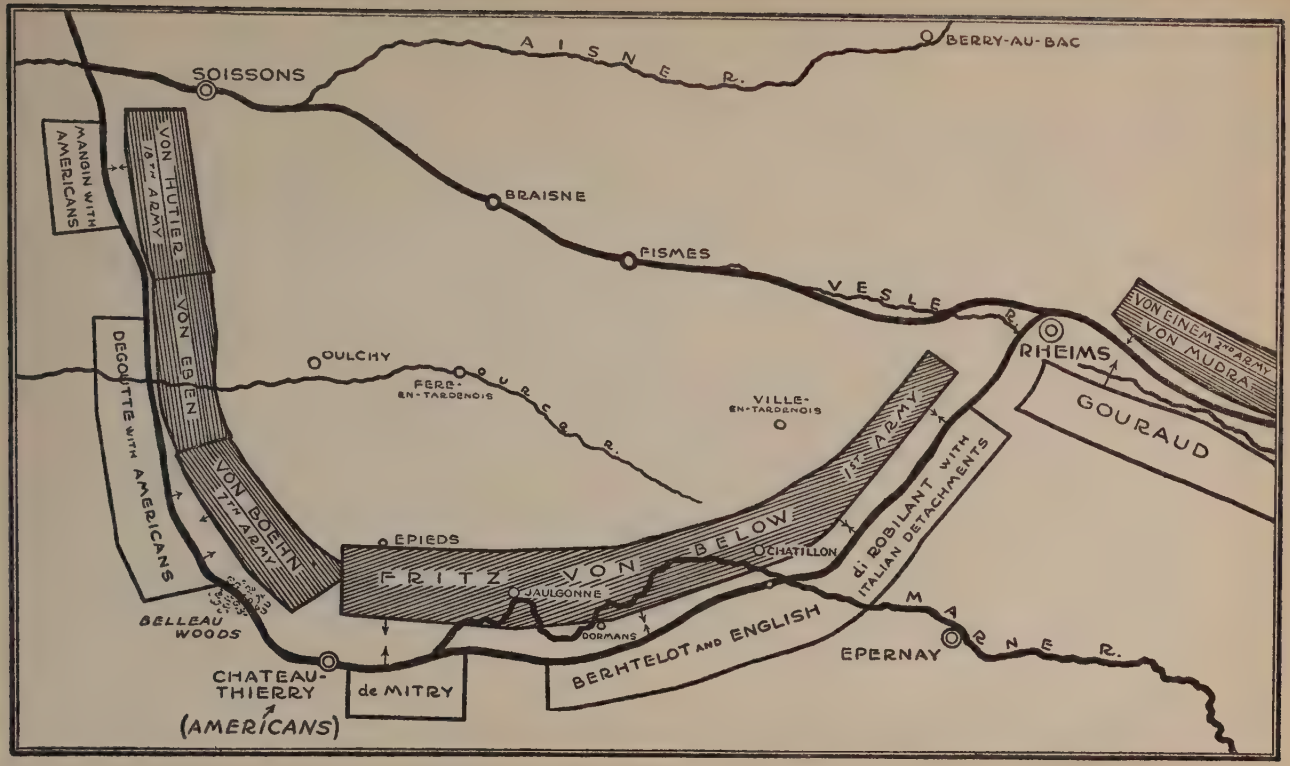
As Foch is in command, he now improves
His master methods, 'gainst these horrid crews
Of ravagers!—as they are massed again,
Upon the Marne,—inflamed by Furies ten!

They've crossed in part! This was the master stroke
Of strategy! This confidence evokes
From the inflated Hun! He thought the way
Lay wide before him!—that he'd reached his "Day!"

But ah!, that other "Day," prayed for by them
Who fell in Paris,—those who suffered, when
The super-gun was loosed in all it's power,—
Is coming fast! Not "Day" alone, but *"Hour!"*

Look at the scene as I shall lay it out:—
Fritz von Below's "First Army" 's put to rout!
As they're cut off,—by walls of men immured,
Who vengeance bring for all their loved endured!

Degoutte, with Mangin, had thus forced them down;
De Mitry, wise, retreats and hems them 'round.
The trap is sprung!—the hunted turn about
And kill, or capture, e'er the foe gets out.



THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE MARNE.
(German Lines shaded; Allies' Lines unshaded.)

(A.) CHATEAU THIERRY.

But who is South to stop that dread advance?
None but Americans fight there for France!
At Chateau Thierry, they're set to hold
The gates of Paris, which Hun would unfold.

Bundy's in main command, with others set
To lead First, Second, Third Divisions met,—
With "Rainbow," Twenty-Sixths and Twenty-Eighths,
And Thirty-Second, from the middle States.

Brave Dickman, with the Third, makes famous drive
To flank securely French, at Dormans, plied
By the besieging Boche!—While River's guns,
From Seventy-Sixth, sinks Marne pontoons and Huns!

But Bundy's "dough-boys" and Marines are pressed
Back, back by thousands who have crossed Marne's crest!
He's ordered to retreat again by French;
Then comes that answer, famed in Camp and trench:

"Our flag has been compelled to join Retreat!
"This my men can't endure! Nor is it meet
"That brave Americans run from that pack
"Of devils damned! We must counter-attack!"

Attack was made, on this most famous plea,
And then the world, amazed, full soon did see
Such deeds as it ne'er thought mere man could do!
They stopped the Hun! Yea, stopped, and drove him too!

For thirty hours, some had here rushed to fight,—
In motor trucks!—no rest by day or night!
Yet down they jumped, at once, and set their guns,—
Then, thirteen hours, drove back the bloody Huns!

The Thirty-Second,—of Division Two,
Lost more than half their men, but they pulled through
With more Hun pris'ners than the men they'd lost!
They suffered, but,—made Prussians pay the cost!

Two regiments of Marines, from this same force,—
The Fifth and Sixth,—here stopped the Hun's wild course,
And, drove him back to Marne,—and, over that!
They, too, freed Paris from this last attack!

Then, at the bridge of Chateau Thierry,
Marines and "dough-boys" see the Germans flee,—
As they drive on and give them no respite,
Save what is given by on-coming night!

In years to come you'll go to Thierry,
To see the place;—our Heroes' graves to see;
And *there* they'll tell of our boys' hardihood,
Who laughed at death!—and fought as Freemen should!

O, Chateau Thierry,—renowned in song,
Long wilt thou be,—as many thousands throng,
To see thy bridge, and where our brave boys fell!—
To hear thee praise those whom France loves so well!

America! That was a holy chrism,
God gave thee there!—as e'er to heroes given!
Thy blood has sanctified the place,—and thee!
These deeds will live in Immortality!

(B.) CONTINUATION OF THE MAIN BATTLE.

This was the "little pocket" 'cross the Marne.
A larger one still threatens direst harm.
It too must close upon invading Boche!
The plan is laid! It's called "The Coup de Foch!"

'Gainst this the Furies prove of little help.
Here Hun's ambition doth o'erleap itself!
As Furies' plan is foiled by War's grim shard
And Huns are hoist upon their own petard!

From Rheims to Soissons they are close hemmed in,
On three sides, by the Allies, and the "string,"—
If "pulled" right by the plan,—will shut the "bag,"
And kill or capture all the foe who lag.

Upon the East, Gouraud at Rheims is set,
Against von Einem and von Mudra met!
A little South, di Robilant holds back
Von Below's army from the next attack.

Then, South by East, Bertholet,—in command
Of French, Italians, English, there doth stand.
While on full South, de Mitry waits, still fresh,
Von Below's army to again enmesh.

Then, next, at Chateau Thierry, our boys,
From fair Columbia's land, set their decoys,
The Hun to lure,—or drive him 'cross the flood!
They drove him! Held the bridge and firmly stood!

Now, on South-West, the "Yanks," with Degoutte, face
Von Eben's might; von Boehn's "pride of place"!
Upon North-West, they, there, with Mangin stand,
Facing von Hutier's Eighteenth Army Grand!

And, mark you, the Americans they use,
In every point of vantage,—where they'll fuse
With France's dash, with Britain's steady pace,
Or, with Italians, run the fiery race!

Some are with Gouraud, some with Bertholet,
Some with de Mitry,—e'er on hand to slay!
Some with Degoutte, and some with Mangin bold!
They'll "pull" the "string," with them, and Hun enfold!

Mark, now, the plan, in more enlarged detail,
That Foch has made, to drive beyond the Vesle
These rash invaders,—or to capture them,
Between the walls of his surrounding men!

Gouraud and Mangin, on North-East, North-West,
Must "pull the string," as, this, their place is best!
Degoutte and Bertholet must push the sides;
DeMitry, from the South, drive him who hides!

The "string" is "pulled"! Gouraud, upon
the East,
Draws, for three days, the strength of Prussian
beast,
And gives Mangin a chance to mass his best,
As he thrusts all his power the plan to test.

It works! The wary Prussians are surprised!
Von Hutier's army, weakening, routed flies!
Gouraud pounds on! The "string" is drawing
tight!
Bertholet drives them left, Degoutte to right!

What's the result? The sides now closing in,
The Prussians seek some easier path to win;
Find it upon the South; go there in force;—
The "pocket" deepens as they block their course.

Too late! Too late! they see the wily plan!
They're caught! Surrounded! Fight as man to
man!
Seek not to enter farther in, but out!
The battle fast becomes an utter rout!

And now de Mitry, and his smaller bands,
Is pushing upward with Americans!
They're here distinguishing themselves again!
They win more glory! Fight as fighting men!

(C.) THE BATTLE OF BELLEAU WOOD.

Have you e'er heard of famous Belleau Wood?
And how Americans in strength withstood
The Germans, who were gathered there, *en masse*,
Set, not to let the hated "Yankees" pass?

Well, if you've not, let me, now tell the tale,
And, show the picture, as they there prevail,—
Fighting, with force, against amazing odds;
It is another "Battle of the gods"!

As, when the Greeks, by mighty force opprest,
Saw Mars join Troy,—at it's supine request;
And, then, received themselves Minerva's power;
So, now, Columbia came, in this great hour.

As Orcus' helmet hid that goddess' face,—
So, now, the woods hide fair Columbia's grace.
Her strength and power, howe'er, are hidden less,
In this great "Battle of the Wilderness"!

And, as Tydides, guided by the god,
His javelin threw, hissing, at the nod
Of Mar's great plume;—so, now, our boys' great fight,
Is guided, aided by Columbia's might!

And, as again, that jav'lin, aided thus,
Pierced Mars' great armor, and his groin did thrust
With bloody wound;—so, now, Columbia's strength
Drives home her soldiers' blows, with dire intent!

And, as, once more, that god, again, in vain,
Tugs at the shaft, and bellows with his pain;—
So, here, Mars, struck by mighty force, in full,
Writhes with his wounds, and bellows like a bull!

Whate'er may be the truth of classic song,
Our boys were, here, by Power Divine, made strong!
Won o'er opposing odds! Were kept secure!
Aided by God, the Victory was sure!

Let me here tell of one great proof of this;
Of how the Lord used even what's amiss,—
To make for triumph,—as He kept His own,
Lost, left and 'mid unnumbered dangers thrown.

A gunner, Sergeant Brown,—had been detailed;
With 'leven men the German's path he trailed,—
Set up his gun, turned it against the foe;
Then, full two hundred Prussians made him go.

He told his men to scatter; went alone,
Through darkened woods, to find his base and
home;
Met with his Captain! Found that they were
lost!
Resolved to sell his life at highest cost!

Down in a thicket, they did waiting lie,
While Prussians passed, in whelming numbers,
by;
Heard two machine guns going, back of them;
Decided these to take, or die like men!

Up crept the Captain, and brave Sergeant
Brown;
Leaped on the gunners, but,—the Captain's
down!
Shot through the heart, he fell, there, like a man!
The Sergeant, undismayed, takes up the plan!

Up to the other gun, he creeps with stealth,
Three men are manning it, yet,—by himself,—
He charges!—Kills the men and turns the gun
Against the foe! *His* fight is just begun!

Now, all his men, attracted by the sound,
Come running towards him,—as they'd scattered
'round.
He gives them a command! They stand in place,
Near one lone trench, where Germans they could
trace.

At his sharp signal, all their guns give voice!
Their automatics crackled,—and the choice,
Was given those Germans, by bold Sergeant
Brown,
Of death or full surrender of their ground!

Look at him, as he stands on parapet
Of German trench, and hostile glances met!
And tell me:—moves it not your heart and soul!
To see such manhood, under such control?

They thought an army had surrounded them!
That they had best surrender!—and they, then,
Laid down their arms, threw up their hands and
came,—
A hundred pris'ners, led in Vict'ry's train!

The tale is not all told! Still there was chance,
That they might captured be, as they advance.
The foe was all around them and they might,
Fall victims to them, if these knew their plight.

They hurry on! See prowling Prussians
come,
In smaller bands, who, quick, to them succumb!
They reach their line at last! The count is
made:—
One hundred fifty-nine, in that one raid!

And, mark, this was no ordinary raid:—
A Major, Captain, two lieutenants paid,—
With non-commissioned officers galore,—
Defeat's great price, to add to Vict'ry's store!

Ah, Sergeant Brown! My pen is weak, to place
Thy name as high as that which thou should'st grace!
But, for thy coolness, pluck and bravery,
America is honored, honoring thee!

Thus are these tales inscribed of that great day,
Where, once again, America did play
The man! Where courage, coolness, faith were shown,
Such as this world of ours has seldom known!

America! Be proud of each great son!
Ye fathers, mothers, joy for deeds they've done!
And ye, O citizens, hold up their hands!
They're conquering for *ye!* To free *all* lands!

(D.) CONTINUATION OF THE MAIN BATTLE.

This Second Battle of the Marne's still on;
For two weeks it's to last,—the greatest one
In all the War, thus far;—nor will it end
'Til from the Marne to Vesle the foe they send.

On Mangin, West, rests plan of main offense.
He holds key place, backed up by force immense,
Gathered for weeks 'round Villers-Cotterets;
Hid in the woods and valleys, where they stay.

Then, when Gouraud's three days' bombard-
ment, East,
Had well the foe distracted, Mangin ceased
To hide, still longer, his reserves' great strength,
But hurled his forces forth,—his power to vent.

Pernant, Longpont, Missy-aux Bois they seize;
Make first day's drive full five miles long, with
ease;
Are joined by Degoutte, holding well the right,
Who takes the Troesnes Woods in bitter fight.

Meanwhile, Bertholet, on South-East, has
heard
Of this great double stroke, and strives to curb
His forces, with de Mitry's, 'til the plan
Shall catch unwary Prussia in its jam!

It is the "Pincer Bite," the "Scissor Stroke";
The "jaws" or "blades"—East, West,—the
"pivot" cloaked
South, with the bold de Mitry,—holding in
Until the signal's given to drive and win.

And now the "pincers" pinch! The
"scissors" cut!
As Bertholet, Mangin, begin to put
Their lines in closer contact! While, the South,
Its lines push upward, driving Prussians out!

Oulchy now falls! and Fere-en-Tardenois!
While "Yankees," at Epieds, win the Croix!
The Ourcq is crossed, by "Fighting Sixty-
Ninth"!
They win!—because they're fit, strong, self-
reliant!

(E.) THE FIGHTING SIXTY-NINTH!

Have you heard of the "Fighting Sixty-
Ninth!"?
They come from New York,—to which they're
affianced!
They're brigaded: "Hundred and Sixty-
Fifth!"
But they're *first,* in a fight, never *"fifth"* nor
sixth!

'Twas "Company K," of the Sixty-Ninth,
Who first crossed the Ourcq,—brave, bold and
defiant!
And set, for the French, a valorous pace,
Which gained for them prize in Victory's race!

"Mes enfants!" the General said that day,
"You will bravely stand,—for that is your way!
"This day will show of what stuff you are made,—
"And show Huns the reason you've crossed the wave!"

"We'll do it, mon Gen'rale! the soldiers cried.
"We come from New York!—and from Irish side!
"Not the Devil himself, nor all Huns' might,
"Can Irish-Americans stop in a fight!"

Through shot, fire and shell, to the mouth of Hell,
They fought, bled and died,—with such deeds to tell,—
That the French were amazed!—and soon the Hun
Was routed!—defeated!—and Victory won!

"Mes enfants!" the General said that night,
"You've gloriously conquered all Prussian might!
"La Belle France says to you her thanks are due,
"And she gives them also to your country new!

"When the War is done and all battles won,
"And you boys go home, with your duty done,—
"We'll recount, with praise, your deeds defiant,
"Thank God! for 'The Fighting Sixty-Ninth'!"

(F.) CONTINUATION OF THE MAIN BATTLE.

And now, de Mitry, joins with Bertholet,
To drive the foe, far back from Epernay,
Which had been longed for goal! They take Jaulgonne,—
As Dormans had been won and Chatillon!

The Prussian line is broken everywhere!
Their four great armies seek another lair!
Soissons has fallen, neath bold Mangin's strokes;
Their ent'ring Paris proves another hoax!

The final act is on the banks of Vesle,
Where the Americans again prevail
At Fismes,—which they took by grand assault.
The foe is conquered! Punished for foul fault!

From Rheims to Soissons, now, the way is clear;
The salient all is lost, they held so dear!
Ah, what a loss was that in land, men, guns!
What price was paid by the defeated Huns!

Over two thousand square miles of land lost!
More than three hundred thousand men paid cost!
A thousand cannon! Tens of thousand arms!
With seventy thousand pris'ners as the Marne's!

Ah, Hun! Did'st thou forget sure Hist'ry's page?
When Attila met Theodoric's rage,
Here at the Marne, in year four fifty one?
That *he* was, *then,* driven back? That France, *then,* won?

Or did'st thou think that record could be changed?
That thou could'st here avenge the Hun, then maimed?
That thou could'st beat thy great progenitor,
In military prowess and grim War?

Nay! 'Twas not prowess that the Hun then lacked!
'Twas lack of God!—A lack thou hast in fact!
And Theodoric,—"Gift of God,"—invoked,
By blessed means, that Presence with his host.

Hast thou e'er heard of Genovefa fair,
The simple shepardess of old Nanterre?
Who filled with visions, like the brave Jeanne d' Arc,
Vowed God would aid them make the Huns depart?

Their aim, *then,* was to take Lutetia,—
Paris now called,—as *thou* hast tried unbar
Her gates! But they failed then, as, now, thou hast,—
Because God gave a maiden what she asked!

Strength, faith in God! These two the Franks,
then, gain,
And by these two they conquered on Marne's
plain.
The foe was driven back! The field they leave!
The Frenchmen called the maid "St Genevieve!"

Ah, Hun! There's many a Genevieve, today,
That has been praying 'gainst thee! And the
way
God heard, defeated thee again at Marne!
Once more, saved Paris from the Hun's foul
harm!

Thus, was the greatest battle of the War
Won by our Allies, who'd fought well before,—
But, here, they fought, as those with strength of
God,—
As they again, drove Hun from that blest sod!

Ah, river Marne! Though thou wast famous,
when,
Great Joffre turned back the Hun with valiant
men!
This second deed, from off thy channelled brink,
Will e'er make men of greater glories think!

And thou, great Foch! We hail thee super-
man,
Like Kitchener before thee,—for thy plan
It was, that made the Victory complete,—
The world to save! The Prussians to defeat!

Ye French! Italians! British, joined as one!—
Americans also!—what deeds ye've done!
A grateful world, joined ever in your praise,
Will highest honors always to ye raise!

And, through all time to come, proud men will say:
"Yes, my ancestors fought at Marne that day!—
"Those days, indeed, when Right defeated Might!
"Hail glorious Vict'ry! Hail world's greatest fight!"

BOOK IX.

1. THE THIRD BATTLE OF THE SOMME.

But, Marne's not only place where Hun's repulsed;
He is, in Picardy, too, where,—convulsed
With futile passion, and with Furies' rage,—
He fights, in vain, before Sir Douglas Haig.

The third great battle of the Somme's begun,
Just as victorious French drive out the Hun
From Soissons. The day before, upon the Lys,
Sir Douglas drove him back, with threatening ease.

Now mark the plan that I to you unfold,
As Haig had set it forth, so wise and bold:—
The North holds Rawlinson, Byng, Horne, to drive
The forces of von der Marwitz aside.

The centre holds Debeny to push back
Von Marwitz from a side attack.
South,—near Fontenoy,—Mangin and Humbert keep,
To hold von Hutier back from Northward sweep.

Arras is Northern end;—near Soissons' South;
The centre's Montdidier;—Perrone's far out.
The plan is to push back, or "pinch" the Hun,
'Til Bapaume North is joined with Soissons, won.

Again the "pincers" pinch, the "scissors" cut.
The "pin" is Debeny;—the "blades" are put
Northward and Southward, and, if they should meet,
The foe is lost! Cut off in his retreat!

August the eighth, on twenty-five mile front,
They break the German lines, with battle's brunt.
From Albert South to Avre and Montdidier,
The British drove them back with furious fray.

In two days they have driv'n them fifteen miles!
In three,—they're circumventing all their wiles!
For these few days, they've won, at Hun's expense,
Thirty-six thousand pris'ners,—guns immense!

And now, Debeny, with his French reserves,
Pushing on Montdidier, the Hun unnerves!
He turns! He runs! Oh, what a fearful rout
Did Prussians show that day, as they went out!

Then Humbert and Mangin, from South, now move;
Threaten Lassigny's "massif" and soon prove,—
With Yankees brave,—victors o'er foes, who leave
South, North and Centre, which the Allies seize!

And still the fight goes on! Roye falls!—and Chaulnes!
Lassigny's captured!—Noyon and Perrone!
Bapaume then falls! They've pierced Hindenburg's line!
Von Ludendorff is baffled! Lies supine!

Would I might tell of Horne, Byng, Rawlinson,
And their great deeds, in North, against the Hun!
Of Debeny and France, 'round Montdidier!
And of Brave "Yanks," who Hutier's army slay!

But I have told enough, to show the tide
That turned von Marwitz back,—Prince Rupprecht's pride!—
That broke von Hutier, South of the Somme line,
And made von Hindenburg new zones define!

The plan has worked! The salient all is won!
Another "coup de Foch" on them's being sprung!
The line is straightened, from far North to South,—
From Marne far North of Somme, foe's driven out!

Hail, to the wise and brave Sir Douglas Haig!
Hail, to the men he there with skill arrayed!
He planned, they fought! Results were safe and sure!
Their deeds will through all time endure!

Aye, Somme! Thou hast, with Marne, in this great War,
Surpassed all other deeds e'er done before!
And thou'lt be written high on Hist'ry's page,
For these great battles that brave men did wage!

In other years, when some the question ask:—
"Were your forbears arrayed in that great task?"
Proudly will answer, many an Allies' home:—
"Yes, my Great Grandad fought with Haig at Somme!"

2. THE VICTORY OF ST. MIHIEL.

That Vict'ry won; intrepid Foch now plans
Still greater triumphs o'er these pirate bands,—
As, he, and France, brave Pershing's forces
tell:—
"Go! Take the salient of St. Mihiel!"

Do you know the story of St. Mihiel?
How, for four long years, it withstood, so well,
Shock, siege,—oft repeated, by Frenchmen
made,—
'Til it seemed secure from both storm and raid?

'Twas Nineteen-Fourteen, when Castelnau
lost
This sector immense, at terrible cost,—
To Prince Rupprecht! Who'd sought his foe to
flank,
And aid the Crown Prince in Verdun's advance.

He failed! But he captured grim St. Mihiel!
And that is the reason I'm now to tell,—
How Americans came, the day to save,
And resurrect France from defeat's vast grave.

Our forces are now fully organized,
Into five Army Corps, and each one prized
Its place in General Pershing's treasured plan,
The Hun to crush, and win the Rights of Man!

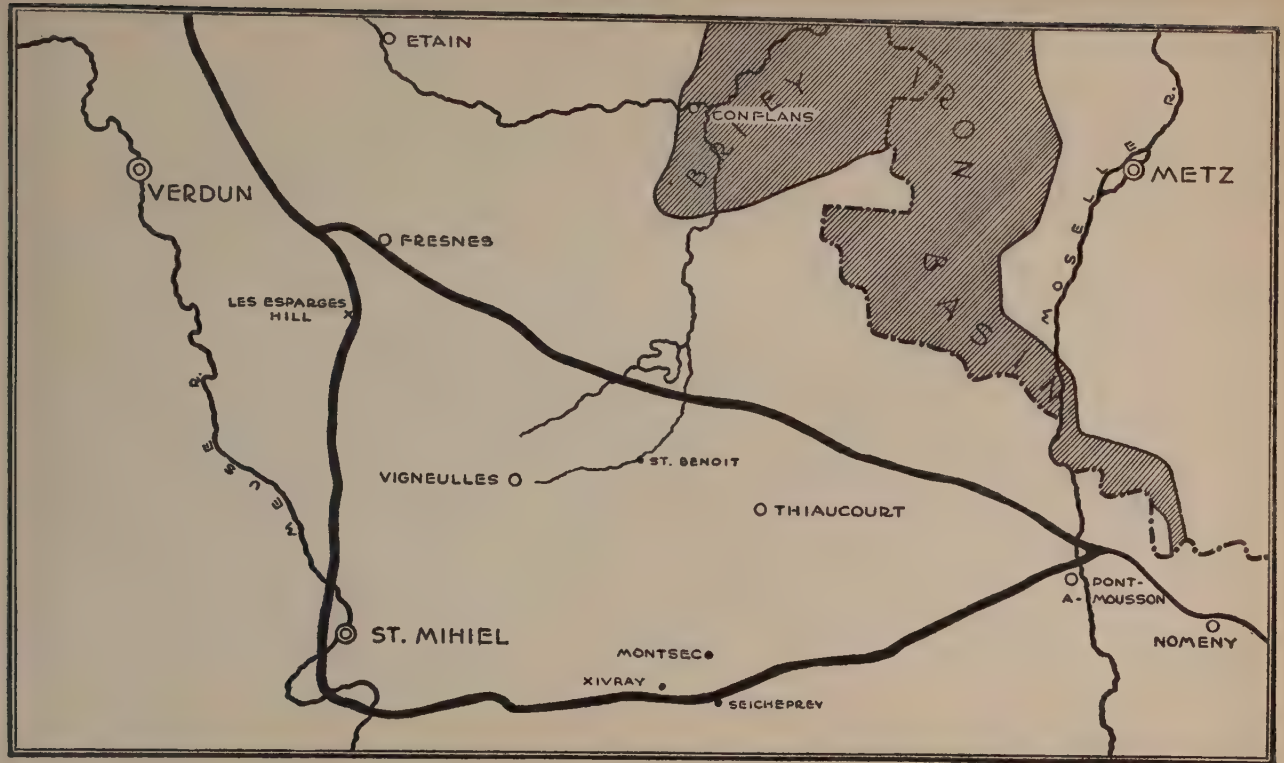
The first of these great Corps does Liggett
lead,
The second Bullard; Wright the third, and Read
The fourth,—from many a scattered state,—
While Bundy leads the fifth, with power elate!

Five Army Corps; of six Divisions each!
The finest men from this great land's far reach!
A million and a quarter,—brave and bold!
Who will not only *take*, but, always, *hold!*

Not all are here. Not all are needed now,
This crown to pluck from haughty Prussia's
brow!
Some are with Mangin still; some still with
Haig,—
To hold back, farther West, the Hun's wild raid!

Pershing's now chief, not in name but in fact!
By such Army Corps he, thus, is well backed.
Castelnau's with him; he's *helped* by the French,
But here, for first time, he *leads* the offense!

"Go!" was the message of General Foch,
"St. Mihiel take from the horrible Boche!
"You'll do it, *mon brave*, with men such as these!
"Crush! Crush the proud Prussians! Down to
their knees!"



THE DEADLY TRIANGLE AT ST. MIHIEL.

Look! Look, to thy fair name, America!
Thou'rt on the battle field of famed Seicheprey!
Here, first, Columbia's brave blood was spilled!
Here, first, our men were seized, as Prussians willed!

Those martyr dead, cry out for vengeance's metes!
Those pris'ners, led, like beasts, through Berlin's streets!—
Cry loud for some redress! Rise Freemen—*now!*
It rests with ye to punish! Keep your vow!

Look at the map of this great salient strong.
It lies like a triangle, some miles long.
Fresnes is the Northern end, Mousson the South,
While St. Mihiel's at base, South-West,—about.

From Fresnes to Mousson is 'most thirty miles,
From Mousson to Mihiel, same distance styled;
While, from Mihiel to Fresnes, the way is less,
Yet 'twould be called the *same,*—if men should guess.

Imagine, now, this great triangle dread,—
With almost thirty miles on each side spread.
St. Benoit is the centre,—at the top;
If our men meet *there,* then, Hun's power will stop!

Bold Pershing, now, divides his forces brave;
Two are to drive, the other set to save
The South-West, from beleagured, wary Hun,—
As, from Mousson and Fresnes, the drive's
begun.

It was again "the pincer bite" they chose;
The "jaws," from Fresnes and Mousson, slowly
close;
They meet at St. Benoit! The trap is sprung!
They capture twenty thousand frightened Huns!

You see the strategy? What it evoked?
The other force, South-West, at once provoked
Not, now, defensive War, but strong offense!
They drive to centre and win spoils immense!

See, how they drive! A thousand "Tanks"
rush forth,
On vast barbed wire entanglements, towards
North!
They fall before them! Foes behind they stun!
They turn in rout! Bold Prussia's "on the
run"!

The aeroplanes they use, in greater force,
Here, than at any time in whole War's course.
These bomb Montsec, as "doughboys" storm its
height!
It falls;—as had Les Eparges' hill of might!

South, East and West they drive, and close hem in
The foe,—on North,—who, e'en now, does begin
To seek some outlet, in his maddened flight;—
His path is barred! The "Yanks" have won the fight!

How quickly, too, this glorious fight was won!
In less than two days was the deed then done!—
Against a Fortress, that, for four long years,
Had hurled defiance as each foe appears!

Thus St. Mihiel is taken; Vow is paid!
America, in force 'gainst foe arrayed,
Here takes its toll, in its first single fight!
Seicheprey's avenged, by our great wrath and might!

3. THE GAINS OF ST. MIHIEL.

Vengeance's not only won, but much beside:
The threatening of Verdun cannot be plied!
In place,—is threatened, Citadel of Metz!—
And Briey's store of mineral effects!

If Metz should fall! If Briey's basin's lost!
The War would end in three months!—at the cost
Of Prussia's power and military strength!
The end is coming! Is quite near, at length!

This is no idle boast of ours, remember well;
'Twas mentioned by the Germans,—as they tell,—
Through Schrödter,—of Briey's great need to them;
Of more importance, far, than all their men!

This mineral wealth, they're using in their guns;
In ships, munitions, arms;—in such vast sums,
That more than three-fourths, of all they now use,
Comes from Briey,—to arm their murd'rous crews!

Now, Prussia foul! Guard well this buried wealth!
America's against it,—and thyself!
She'll take from thee, what thou once took from France.
She'll crush thee, swiftly, in the next advance!

As, here, she took 'most two hundred miles square,
So, there, she'll take Briey and Lorraine fair!—
Reduce grim Metz!—and threaten all the Rhine;
Then Germany shall be no longer thine!

Back we will drive thee and thy "Potsdam Gang";
Back to Berlin!—as thou makest final plan.
And there we'll strip thee of thy power, thou cheat!—
As we show Germans how we Prussians beat!

Americans! We greet ye! St. Mihiel
Will ever glorious shine,—for deeds done well!
Ye've gained not glory only,—land so vast,—
Ye've showed what Right can do, against Wrong massed!

All hail, Americans! Ye've won the day
For which France, England, through long years did pray.
Ye've proved your mettle,—showed to all the world,
What our great banner means, when it's unfurled!

4. ON TO BERLIN!

Across the Rhine, at last, we'll fearless go,
And drive base Prussia back,—most treach'rous foe!
Then we'll free, not world only, from Hun stroke,
But, Germans also, from a despot's yoke!

Would that her eyes were opened to this fiend,
Who all her glory doth, with wrath, demean!
But if they're not, we'll open them by *force!*
We'll show the Germans,—Prussia at her worst!

When her fair fields are ravaged, as she's done
To Belgium, France,—where she outreached the Hun
Of ancient times, in savagry and hate,—
The German lands will know her foul estate!

The operation may be painful!—but,
It's necessary,—thus to keenly cut
The tendons, cords and ligaments away,
That they may clearly see the Beast we slay!

It's coming to thee Prussia!—and ne'er whine,
When we hurl, dreadful, on both thee and thine,
This awful Frankenstein that thou doth raise;
'Twas born in Berlin! There must be its grave!

Press on Americans! English and French!
The end's approaching! Gird your loins with strength!
This triumph great at St. Mihiel leads way
To Germany! Berlin! To Vict'ry's Day!

BOOK X.

1. THE AUSTRIAN PEACE NOTE AND BULGARIA'S SURRENDER.

Yes, end's in sight! Two days had scarcely passed,
When Austria,—catspaw of the Hun,—has asked
For a Peace Parley with the Allied powers,
And Wilson answers for both theirs and ours.

The answer, brief and curt, does not wait long;
It's made same day and rings thus, clear and strong;—
That no Peace Parleys can be entertained
Until we've conquered! And have Peace, *thus*, gained!

Next day, a drive is made on South-East Front,
From Salonica,—for a Bulgar Hunt!
They fast advance through Macedonian hills,
New Allies, now, are joined,—hearts, souls and wills!

They pass in shade of Mt. Olympus' brow;
Ah, mighty Zeus! If thou'dst been watching *now!*—
'Twould make thee think thou'dst sent thy great son Mars,
To carry War, again, through all earth's bars!

See! how the sunlight on their helmets shine!
See! how, in serried ranks, they keep the line!
Thy Grecian Argives ne'er went forth, before,
In greater panoply!—to greater War!

Greeks, there are, now, in all these ranks, aflame,
Just as they marched before, on Trojan plain,
Under great Agamemnon! Now, they're set
To save, not maid, but *world!*—Their honor's debt!

British and Greeks, at last, are joined as one!
King Constantine's deposed! Ven'zelos' won!
The new King, Alexander, joins Allies,
And, bravely fights with them, as Bulgar flies.

The Serb has risen again,—in Jugoslav!
This old, new nation is now fighting hard.
Small Serbia, poor, despised, has grown amain;
She's joined by Croats and Slovenes, of same strain.

They've resurrected now their old régime;
Dropped newer names,—an older one doth mean
More, now, to each, as each will always have
More pride in their old name of Jugoslav.

They're made the Nemesis that follows wrong.
Bulgaria warred on Serb;—against weak, strong.
Now Serbia, for her woes, is giv'n this salve:—
To war 'gainst Bulgar as the Jugoslav!

The dead's alive! The weak has grown thus great!
Now, Bulgar! Guard thyself and royal State!
The Serb is on thy track, in a new name;
He'll win great Vict'ry o'er thee!—glorious fame!

Upon a front of hundred thirty miles,
They rout the Bulgars, as they seek defiles,—
To hide from these avenging hosts, that hurled
Their fury on them!—for themselves and world!

French, British, Greeks, Italians join the drive,
But they give place,—let this new nation thrive
On vict'ry after vict'ry, as they pressed
The Bulgar 'cross his line,—which they soon wrest!

Now, they are pressing on his Fortress grim!
Strumnitza's Fortress falls!—which was to him,
The Citadel of all his pride and strength!
He can hold out no more! He yields at length!

He asks for an Armistice! None is made,
'Til unconditional surrender's paid!
The Bulgar drops his arms! He's out of fight!
And Salonica sees Peace signed for Right!

King Ferdinand is ousted from his throne.
His son, King Boris, reigns,—but not alone!—
The Allies rule the land, as a great base;
The Blood-hound now becomes a Watch-dog safe!

Thus was the first of this great Quartette foul
O'ercome by force,—which changed his Blood-hound's howl
For War, to bay of joy for proffered Peace!
The Furies too are stilled! Their ravings cease.

All hail, ye Jugoslavs! What ye've done here,
Will through all time on Glory's page appear!
Ye've conquered one oppressor, through War's waste;
Press on to others now! Haste, heroes! Haste!

2. THE BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON.

Still further East, brave Allenby's gone forth,—
In Syria's Holy Land, from South to North.
He's taken Shechem, home of Abram old;
Crossed far famed Esdraelon, to Carmel bold!

At Haifa,—where Mt. Carmel's verdant base
Laves in the Sea, while it reflects her face,—
A Vict'ry's won, like that Elijah gained,
Here, o'er Baal's prophets,—through God's power that flamed!

Aye! and, like those false prophets, Turks now cry,
From morn 'til eve for help, and thought it nigh!
But Mahmoud slept! Or else on journey went!
Baal and Turk, *both* fail in *this* event!

At Acre, 'cross the Bay, where Saladin
Fought the Crusaders, and, 'gainst them did win;
Now, these Crusaders new, foil what Turks planned;
The Cross o'er Crescent doth victorious stand!

On Armageddon's plain they meet at last!
The Turks are set, there, to defend the Pass
To Nazareth,—the home of our dear Lord.
Not all their strength can vict'ry them afford!

Ah, John! who did'st, on Patmos' lonely Isle,
Receive that Vision grand, that did'st beguile
Thy soul with rapture!—Is this, then, to be
The great fulfillment of thy prophecy?

Is Turk, or Hun, that "Beast," so vile and foul,
That o'er the earth, with murd'rous rage did'st prowl?
Is this great Armageddon, now,—to be
The War to end all earth's wild misery?

'Tis very like that which, in Holy Writ,
Thou hast described, in language bold and fit.
The Vials of wrath have all been emptied out,
As men,—grown mad with hate,—join battle's rout.

The First Vial caused a noisome pestilence
That sickened every soul, as its great stench
Found vent in War. Has this, now, been fulfilled
In this War's pestilence, through thousands killed?

The Second turned the boundless Sea to blood.
Is this fulfilled in Ocean's crimsoned flood,—
Made such by U-Boats, with their mangled slain,
Who have incarnadined the billowy main?

The Third made rivers turn same color, red,
As War was waged near them, with mounds of dead.
Is Marne and Vesle and Aisne and Somme to be
The dread fulfillment of this prophecy?

The Fourth threw fire upon the flesh of men.
They're "scorched with fire," again, and yet
again!
Is this preview of "Flammenwerfers'" ire
As they scorch, burn, Allies with liquid fire?

The Fifth caused darkness, black, to fall on
"Beast,"
While through his Kingdom grisly spectres feast.
Is this fulfilled in these disasters, black,
That have o'erwhelmed the Hun and all his
pack?

The Sixth dried up the way o'er Euphrates,
That way for Conqueror be prepared with ease.
Does this mean Maude, and his great work well
done,—
Who o'er Euphrates crossed and Bagdad won?

Then were let forth three "Unclean Spirits,"
each
From out the great "False Prophet,"—
"Dragon,"—"Beast."
Is Hun the "Beast"?—Turk, Bulgar, Austrian
base,
These "Spirits" named, that should give War
its place?

They were, as "Devils," to roam all the world;
Drive all to Armageddon,—with wrath hurled;
That they might, here, fight this last battle, dread,
And vent their hate in awful mounds of dead!

But, mark! Through these, the world was, soon, to see
A resurrection, great, of Liberty!
The "Beast," with "Devils," to Perdition sent!
The world remade and rid of War's portent.

Now, Seventh Vial is poured out on the air,
And then came thunders, lightnings, everywhere.
Was this the prelude of our Aeroplanes,
That "thunders," "lightnings," from their guns have rained?

Then comes the end, as mighty earthquake's shake
Did rend the earth,—none e'er before so great,—
As cities of vast nations crumbled,—fell
In the red welter of a World War Hell.

Is this the prophecy of this World War?
None greater has, e'er this, been seen before;
Cities of nations, great, have felt War's Hell,
Are Prussian cities to feel this as well?

"Babylon is fallen!"—a great Voice cried:—
Is "Babylon" Berlin and Prussian Pride?
Is earthquake to rock its foundations strong,
And overthrow State, City,—Wilhelm's wrong?

Is this the prophecy;—this the analogy
Of what is, *now*, and, what was, then, decree?
The Vials have been unloosed; the world now waits
Decree fulfilled, ere Janus close his gates.

Most Vials were loosed on Armageddon's plain,
As Turk and Christian fight with might and main.
The skies are black with airy ships; the streams
Run blood red to the sea,—with added means!

The guns belch fire, which burning liquid grows,
As it is shot through "Flammenwerfers'" hose!
The heavens, through these, are hid with sulph'rous smoke,
As Gog and Magog do all Hell evoke!

Hark, to the din of War! It strikes the drums
Of all the world's great ears! But 'neath it hums
A sound of triumph!—as brave men are set,
To win great Vict'ry, o'er such foes thus met!

This is no modern fight of trench and tool,—
'Tis in the open,—on great plain, once cool
With snows of Lebanon, now hot with War,—
Greater and grander than World's known before!

See! how the cavalry charge 'cross the plain!
'Tis led by Lawrence,—he of "Eastern brain,"
Who knows the Turk, from skin to soul within!
He fights with confidence! He knows he'll win!

He's given Allenby much aid before;—
Cut railroad at Derat, in midst of War,—
So that the Turk's communications fail
To great Damascus,—where Allies soon prevail.

Now, look! how gloriously he's winning here,
With his mixed forces that in might appear!—
The Druses, Bedouins, Anzacs, Indians brave,—
With British "Tommies" all 'gainst foe arrayed.

The end is certain. Turks, now, break and
run,
Pursued by cavalry! The rout's begun!
They follow them to Naz'reth's ancient walls;—
The Home of our loved Lord to these, then, falls!

Here, Prussian Sanders had his "easy base"!
He leaves all *fighting* to the *Turkish* race!
As, he did once before, at lost Gallipoli,
Where he set heathen Turks on Christians free!

Here, when he finds his Butcher Turks have
lost,
He tarries not, nor stops to pay the cost,—
But, like a coward, flees! Leaves Turks alone,
And hastens back to Prussian master's throne!

Still, do victorious Allied troops press on.
Full forty thousand pris'ners they have won!
They take Tiberias, on Lake Galilee,
And a free Palestine, at last, they see!

Ah, fated Richard of the Lion Heart!
Ah, Barbarossa, who with him did'st start!—
And Peter, Godfrey, Baldwin, Louis-Saint!—
How slight were your Crusades, for Christian
plaint!

Spread, though they were, through 'most two
hundred years,
How little yet at last for world appears!
Though ye went but to win the "Sepulchre,"
It still remained the Turk's, as first it were!

Now, here, brave men, in less than one short
year,
Have won all that which is to world most dear.
Not "Sepulchre" alone, but all the land,—
From Dan to Beersheba,—is in their hand!

Hebron, Jerus'lem, Gaza, Bethlehem!
Jericho, Joppa, Shiloh, Esdraelon!
Nazareth, Cana, Sea of Galilee!—
And Bethany,—where Jesus loved to be:—

All these, and more, won these Crusaders new,
In Syria also, now great deeds they do,—
As they attack Damascus' ancient gate
And beat it down, with Christian power elate!

They storm the walls, o'er which Paul came of old;
These quickly fall, before brave forces bold!
Thus gain they oldest city known to men,
As they fresh Vict'ry win o'er foes again!

Thus, fell this ancient stronghold of the Turk!—
Seven thousand pris'ners too, who there did lurk!
The East is conquered, with great Turkish loss!
And Armageddon's won by Christian Cross!

3. THE FORCES ENGAGED.

Did I say Christian? Other faiths were there,
Which stir our praise as they did deeds so rare:—
The mixed religions of far India's land;
Jews, Druses, Arab and Mohammedan.

The "Palestinian Legion," from New York,
Is joined to British, since our land doth balk,—
For some great reason,—from declaring War
On Turk,—we should have warred on long before!

O, hidden fount of strange diplomacy!
How thou must gurgle, as thy source doth see
These ways, so tortuous,—hidden from men's eyes,—
That true men hate! That honest men despise!

Well hath our President declared for Truth,
In all its nakedness, as the great proof
Of honesty, when nations treaties plan.
Open Diplomacy's the need of man!

Would God! he'd made his reason clear and plain,
Why we should not attack, on land and main,
The murd'rous Turk!—who's set for butch'ry's goal!
Yet, we must wait! With patience keep our soul!

We're glad, howe'er, we're represented there,
By these brave Jews, from out our borders fair!—
Take some side honor, from the deeds they've done!—
Thank God!—*they* went for us, and nobly won!

We greet ye, patriot Jews, from our great land!
Thank ye for this,—accomplished as ye planned!—
Thank ye for what ye're doing on all fronts!
Fight on! We're with ye through all battle's brunts!

One other of these forces also needs
A further word,—as well as Fame's great meeds;—
'Tis the Mohammedan, from Mecca blest,—
Fighting 'gainst brother of same faith possessed.

Since Mahmoud Great proclaimed religion new,
In this lone region, and new forces drew
From all the world,—the Arabs have all felt
They're *first* of Mahmoud's,—chosen by himself!

The Turk they scorn, though of the same old faith;
Have tried, through many years, to make things safe
Against him!—Hoped the fierce Wahabites would be
Their saviours!—Set Mecca and Medina free!

The "Sunnites,"—"Shiites" too,—have long since cleft
Islam into great factions, all bereft
Of sympathy,—cohesion! All intent
To gain their ends through some great world event.

That time came, when, upon the wond'ring world,
War, with full horror, had been quickly hurled!
Now, Arabs felt their destined hour had come,
And, joined the Allies, 'gainst both Turk and Hun!

They listened not to call for "Holy War,"
So foully made by Stamboul! They now bore
Arms for the Allies!—and seize "Holy Place"
Of Mecca,—and Medina,—for their race!

They make a Kingdom, new, they call Hedjaz.
Hussain's made King!—and o'er his Kingdom has
Full power. The hated Turk is overthrown!
They war for Allies and themselves alone!

This is first break of Turkish power in East.
They win Arabia, amid great feast
Of joy!—March out with Allies, as they now start forth,
And join all forces massed 'gainst Turk on North!

They're with brave Maude, as he wins old Bagdad!
Drive out the Turk from what, too long, he's had!
Join Allenby, for drive in Palestine;
In blest Jerusalem their banners gleam!

So, through all that victorious Campaign,
These Arabs fight, and vict'ries win amain!
At ancient Shechem,—Armageddon too,—
They fight with power! Most glorious deeds they do!

At Haifa, Acre, Nazareth they win;—
Defeat the Turks,—for theirs and Islam's sin!
Join in Damascus' Victory with zest;—
Their name's writ large on Hist'ry's palimpsest!

Thus, I make mention of these heroes bold,
Because their deeds have not been often told;—
Because they're mentioned not within the list
Of those,—through Turk,—who all Hun's power resist!

This, would another nation proudly set,
With all of those who, with world powers, have met
To break the Boche,—and all the force he has!
All honor to the Kingdom of Hedjaz!

4. RUSSIA AND THE CZECHOSLOVAKS.

Still further East and North, another power
Has burgeoned great, in Hist'ry's fateful hour!—
As Czechoslovak, Austrian yoke defies,
And nation makes, which Allies recognize.

They're from Bohemia, and Moravia too,
Were under Austrian masters, but broke through
Their lines, upon the Eastern battle front;
Joined Russian brother Slavs,—and Austrians hunt!

When Russia was o'erthrown, they joined the van,
For a Republic and the Rights of Man!—
Helped the new Government with counsel,—arms,—
Russia to save from Anarchy's alarms!

But, when the Bolsheviki overthrew
That Government, for Revolution new;
These Czechs and Slovaks, with united power,
Hurled all their strength against such awful dower!

A hundred thousand of them fought as one;
Though scattered far, they're ever pressing on,—
Through centre of the land,—to keep the heart
Of Russian mass and Bolshevik apart.

They're joined, on Eastern front, by Japanese,—
The Bolshevik to curb as these now seize,
Not only cities, but, the country too,
And seek to wreak on all the worst they do.

At Vladivostok there, now, join with them,
Not Jap alone but brave American!
The wiry French! The hardy British too!
All set to aid and see this business through!

With Murmansk,—and Archangel too,—these hold
Both ends of the Siberian Road, and, bold
To join their forces in a middle state,—
Drive from each end, new power to recreate!

They are successful! Hold Tobolsk and Tomsk,
Within Siberia's centre. Capture Omsk;
Start there another Government, to save
The land from Bolshevik's red ruin's wave!

All this is done by Czechoslovaks bold,
Assisted,—but in part,—by Allies old;
Who,—new to them,—give now most loud acclaim;
And help them on, new towns and states to gain.

Hail, then to all these Czechoslovaks brave!
Born in due time, great Russia's cause to save
From ruin and red Anarchy's demand!—
To save it from itself!—as they had planned!

Hail, also to their Nation!—recognized
By Allies all!—though it is now despised
By Prussian and by Austrian tyrant's sway!
Hail little nation! Born within a day!

BOOK XI.

1. FRESH VICTORIES ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

And what of Western Front? Ah! here at last
The Hun has learned that all his power is passed!
Since St. Mihiel he's suffered much and long;—
The Allies, soon, will sing the Victor's song!

Upon four sectors huge, such deeds are done
As, everywhere, defeat cast on the Hun!—
In Flanders, on the Somme, near Rheims so old;
Through Argonne's woods, to Verdun grim and cold!

The first of these is under King Albert!
The second under Haig, that Scotchman rare!
The third is under Gouraud, Frenchman bold!
The fourth brave Pershing, with his men, doth hold!

Haig smashes, first, towards old St. Quentin's goal.
He wins ten thousand pris'ners for his "fold"!
With French, he wins Oise front, North of La Fere;
Then Vendeuil's stronghold falls,—with booty rare!

Haig reaches Northward unto Cambrai's waste.
Debeny's near La Fere. Mangin, in haste,
Breaks through Chemin-des-Dames towards Laon so strong!
Such onslaughts foe cannot resist for long!

With Haig is Read, of Pershing's Fourth great Corps;
He takes Nauroy and Bellicourt, before,
The Hun can answer with a counter drive.
Haig praises in despatches that men prize!

Men there, from New York State and Tennessee
Fought, with the Carolinians, bold and free.
From North and South, they hailed, and won great fame!
Our Country's fused in one!—by battle flame!

Cambrai has fallen! Great St. Quentin too!
On thirty-five mile front they've broken through
Haig's "Kilties," called by Hun: "Ladies from Hell,"
Push now to end what's been begun so well!

The Prussians, now, start wide retreat near Lille.
They know the end is near as out they steal!
They drive, to *slav'ry,* hosts,—their works to man;—
They've fifty thousand ta'en from St. Quentin!

THE FINAL "VICTORY DRIVE."
Insert: Belgium's Drive to Victory.

This, all the more enrages English,—French!
For twenty miles they drive them back, and quench
Their hopes 'round Lens, as, with an eight mile breach,
They crush their strength! Anew, harsh lessons teach!

Meanwhile Gouraud, with Pershing, makes advance,
Between the Meuse and Aisne,—to there enhance
Their power!—And Hindenburg's great line they crush,—
For seven miles through,—in twenty mile great rush!

Twelve towns are theirs! Five thousand pris'ners more!
Brave Liggett leads, as, hurrying on before,—
His troops take Varennes, Vauquois, Montblainville!—
While others take the rest,—for this world's weal!

Men from the West are there, as well as East:
Missouri, Kansas, Pennsylvania's reach!—
While others from far scattered States now storm
Montfaucon's heights, and win that hope forlorn!

They break the "Kriemhilde" line, named
thus by Hun,
Because Valhalla's gods o'er him hath won
The Victory! He's pagan to the core!
His "Gott" 's our Devil,—if he's taught such
War!

It is Hun's last defence in Northern France.
With this line gone, he can make no advance.
He must retire, through Belgium, as his lines,
Of "Kriemhilde," "Freya," "Siegfried" reach
their last confines.

Gouraud has also crossed the foe's front line;
He's won Servon, which Hun held,—four years'
time!
Butte de Mesnil he wins! Navarin Farm!
With these gone, foe can work no further harm.

He's taken Medeah Height, where he can train
His guns on foe upon "Monts de Champagne."
He is beleaguering Moronvilliers strong.
The "Massif" 's crumbling! They can't hold it
long!

Thus, does the Boche see all his vast defence
Go tottering to a fall,—that will at length
Hurl him defeated into pit of shame!
He knows this marks the end of all his fame!

2. THE RESURRECTION OF BELGIUM.

And, hark! From North breaks out the din of men!
Belgium aroused! She's at grim War again!
O'erwhelmed,—'most broken,—through these four long years,
Once more, in glorious fight, she now appears!

For all these years, she's held on, firm and grim,
To corner of her land, upon the rim
Of her fair coast. From Ypres to Nieuport
She's held her line 'gainst ruthless Prussia's court.

Now, as Haig, Gouraud, Pershing, drive in line,
She rouses all her hosts to acts sublime.
Drives towards Dixmude, takes famed old Poelcapelle,
And wins four thousand prisoners as well!

They take Dixmude! Press on towards far Roulers,
Threaten Ostend and Zeebrugge's famed bay.
Reach up towards Bruges and Holland's frontier line;
The Boche now sees it's, also, *Belgium's* time!

And why? Because she's waited patiently,—
With faith undimmed,—downtrodden Right, to see
Ta'en from the scaffold, set upon her throne!—
And the oppressed restored to land and home!

And why? Because her King, like rock has stood,
E'er with his people, as a warrior should!
Because he's vowed, to them, and his loved land,
That he would Vict'ry win in this last stand!

He sat not still upon his royal throne!
He mingled with his people,—far from home,
In Camp and field!—And, on this last advance,
He led them, cheering, into War's dread chance!

He shared their toils and perils,—was outlawed;
Fought with his men; was by the foe abhorred!
Took part in ev'ry dangerous campaign,
Nor spared himself, the Victory to gain!

Is he not worthy then our highest praise?
Aye! Worthy this and of the world's amaze!
As we behold him, to such duty giv'n,
We say: "He's worthy all,—and worthier Heav'n!"

Behold him, whom I mention thus in praise!
Not only head but *soul* of Belgium's ways!
Uncover patriots! Albert's in our ken!
King,—not of Belgium only,—King of men!

3. THE "PEACE" COUNCIL OF THE FURIES.

When Boche sees Belgium's resurrection grand,
He knows his punishment is near at hand!
Belgium's like Banquo's ghost! It will not down,
Until full vengeance for her foe's been found!

'Twas thus in Serbia! Now in Belgium too,
Grim Nemesis shows what he best can do!—
As this weak nation slain,—revived in might,—
Wars like a Centaur and drives foe from fight!

The Quartette's War Dogs howl no more for War;
They whine for Peace,—as Bulgar's did before!
The Furies too are cowed. They see their ends
Have all been lost! They summon their main *"friends."*

See! how they meet in council grim again,
With Kaiser, Ludendorff and Mackensen!
Von Hindenburg is there,—and the Crown Prince,—
They rail at loss, at sure defeat they wince!

Now, Bitterness is spokesman. It's her time!
Rage, Hate and Malice,—all now lie supine,
With Cruelty and Rapine, Lies and Lust,
Aye,—Pride and Envy,—all now bite the dust!

One only lifts as Bitterness goes on,
That one is Lies,—most treach'rous of the throng,—
Now cherished fondly by these leaders base;
Perchance, through her, they'll win back power and place!

They do not love this black recital grim,—
For Bitterness is in a furious whim!
She slavers rancor! Spits out venom vile!
With oaths and curses she doth all defile.

"Ye partners of our crimes and foul offence!
"The time has come when we must cease pretense,
"And face grim facts!—as we make other plans
"To foil our foe, or, yield to his demands!

"We have now gone through four long years of War.
"The Furies all have helped!—op'ed Ruin's door
"And sent forth all her train! Thus did we aid
"Your plots, to save ye from destruction's grave.

"But ye have bungled! Oh, so woefully!
"Ye've overthrown our wiles that were to be,
"The means of conquering all your foes and ours!
"Ye've spoiled our hopes and robbed us of our dowers!

"Thou, Wilhelm, base! Accurst of God and man!
"What devil wast that prompted thee to plan
"Belgium's invasion? This, made us and thee
"Twin partners in world's greatest infamy!

"Did'st thou not know that this would rouse the world?
"That on both thee and us would then be hurled
"The indignation of all freemen bold,
"Who e'er believe they're set weak to uphold?

"Why did'st thou also turn that madman loose,
"Thou call'st von Tirpitz?—let his threat'ning noose
"Of U-Boats dread, coil, with grim death, the seas;
"Make war on neutrals and the world displease?

"Yes, we did bid thee use our ev'ry means
"Of Rage, Hate, Malice,—as it well beseems,—
"With Cruelty, and Rapine, Lust and Lies;
"But we meant these for *foe*, who, thee *defies!*

"Fury must be *opposed* to do its best.
"We ne'er can vent, on *helpless, all* our zest.
"O gull! O dolt! O fool! that thou should'st be
"Thus, cause of all our shame and misery!

"And thou, von Hindenburg! What was thy aim,
"Because o'er Russia thou so well did'st gain,—
"To try such tactics on these Western men?
"Did'st thou think such, would win, o'er these, *again?*

"Thou well hast had a statue raised to thee
"Made all of *wood,* that everyone may see
"Thou'rt wooden through and through,—save where they pierce
"Thy wood with nails,—to make men *think* thee fierce!

"Out! Out, base braggart! *Thou* art not the man
"To win o'er *Freemen!*—nor to work our plan!
"Back to oblivion!—whence, too soon, thou came'st!
"Thou art not fit to send freemen against!

"And Ludendorff! Thou who wast called 'the brains
" 'Of War and Strategy'!—But for thy pains
"In planning 'March Offensive,' we had been,
"Still, strong at Somme, at Oise, at Aisne, to win!

"Now we've been driven back, further than
e'er,
"Because of thy presumption, which,—if 'twere
"But put to better use,—had led us on
"To Paris!—Victory!—still joined as one!

"Defeated, thus, what better is to do
"Than yield all fronts,—before they're broken
through!
"Thanks to ye,—Generals *brave!*—there's noth-
ing left,
"With all our force o'erthrown,—our armies
cleft!

"Had'st thou 'Clown Prince!' but gained for
us Verdun!
"We might, o'er all defects, still safely won.
"But, for such work, thou never wast endowed!
" 'Gainst thee, the world's been laughing,—long
and loud!

"Thou puppet of a vain old father's whim!
"Degenerate! Steeped deep in nature's sin!
"Thou'st best hide quickly! Thou'rt the world's
lampoon!
"They'll make thee laughing stock of nation's
doom!

"And, now, Mackensen! I come last to thee.
"Thou hast done much, with Turk's mad butchery;—
"Why could'st thou not have stopped Bulgaria's shame,
"With all the fury thou could'st set aflame?

"We gave thee Rage and Hate and Cruelty,—
"With Rapine, red,—thy dread commands to see
"All carried out with direfullest portent!
"Yet *thou* did'st fail us in that great event!

"Thou had'st in Sophia forty thousand men.
"Could'st not, with such aid, turn back foe again?
"Because thou faltered, paltered, all is lost,
"And, now, we, with ye, must pay dreadful cost!

"There's nothing more to do! Ye've failed us all!
"We've fought long with ye,—answered every call!
"But, now,—thanks to your mad and blund'ring ways,—
"We're vanquished! All our power the Victor slays!"

She said: Then stealthily did Lies arise.
Falsehood was on her lips; deception in her eyes,—
As she looked 'round on all that grovelling throng,—
And thus, in wary tones, tried make weak, strong:

"All is not lost! Duplicity's the thing,—
"When, force of arms, permits us not to wing
"Victorious flight o'er all! Let us now try
"False Treach'ry's means,—with all her arts imply!

"Let us send Austria, with another note
"For Peace,—and, thus, make warring nations gloat
"With satisfaction, o'er our supposed fall!
"Then, gaining time, make greater war on all!

"In such note writing, do thou, Wilhelm, join;
"That we may greater confidence purloin
"From foolish foes! They'll think the end has come,
"When Austria's note is joined by warring Hun!

"Send it to far America again.
"We'll gain more audience there, than Englishmen,
"Or French will give! We'll cast false glamor's spell;
"Make them think for the world they're acting well!

"Then, they'll, for us, with other Allies plead;
"They'll win them all to see the human need,
"Of mercy seasoning justice,—and they'll plan
"A great Armistice over every land.

"Thus, while negotiation's going on,
"We can recoup our strength,—make force as one;
"Build new defences on our frontiers old,
"And be prepared for fresh advances bold!

"Let these Peace Parleys last through days, weeks, months;
"Each day is that much gain on all our fronts!
"Then, when we're ready, we have but to say:
" 'The Peace terms do not suit!'—and, start the fray!

"Surprised, and weakened, by their fancied ease,
"We can hurl furious power, where'er we please!
"We'll conquer, thus,—when Spring is well begun,—
"Through 'Last Offensive,' by victorious Hun!"

The plan pleased highly all that motley throng.
The Furies leaped, danced,—revelled in wild song!
The Kaiser they beguile to quick assent;
His Gen'rals, with new joy, to their tasks went!

BOOK XII.

1. THE "BATTLE OF THE PEACE NOTES."

Now are the "Peace Notes" drafted with dispatch.
Austria is not called in! She's merely latch
To door of Peace, op'ed by her master's hand.
She must, with dread, obey all his demand.

They're flashed with speed across the vast world wire.
They reach America, and, rouse the ire
Of patriot sons, who cry: "They us defame,
"When they write us instead of Allies, main!

"Do they think us of shorter memories?
"That we've forgotten their atrocities
"On Pole, Serb, Belgian?—If they now seek Peace,
"Let them ask *all,* not *us,*—and, warfare cease!"

Yet Wilson feels that we must treat with them,
On honor's basis, as fair dealing men.
He writes to ask what is their status now,
As he can't treat with those who break their vow.

This, is just what the wily Prussian needs.
He vows he's changed! For further hearing
pleads!
Assures us he is ready to make Peace
On Wilson's terms,—that War may quickly
cease!

Then, Wilson writes that note that all ap-
plaud;—
Not nation, only, but, all world doth laud
The bold deliverance of this wise, just man,
Whom Germany deemed catspaw for her plan.

"If ye are changed," thus the brusque, curt
note reads,
"Why do your U-Boats wreak the same foul
deeds
"On innocent and warring? Why sink life
boats,
"While ye are sending us your false Peace
Notes?

"If ye wish *Peace*, cease all your war at sea,—
"On land as well,—and German States set free
"From all the Junker, Hohenzollern sway!
"We will not treat with such. Ye must obey!"

'Tis harsh, but there's a loop hole for the Hun,
As Lies had planned. Peace Parley's but be-
gun!
They answer that they're changing their affairs,
So that the people may have their just shares.

"No further notes!" Now people wildly cry:
"To parley with them's wrong, while thousands die!
"Not to the pen but sword we must resort,
"While fiends, like these, send back such false report!"

The people's cry is heeded. Last note's sent,
Which reads: "If ye your vows have fully meant,
"We'll treat with you on military plan.
"Surrender! That's last word! Foch has command!"

2. MORE VICTORIES FOR THE ALLIES.

This, comes to leaders as bad news is heard
From every Front,—where vast defeat's occurred.
Americans have broken "Freya" line;
The Belgians reach their coast's North-West confine!

They've cleared the Hun from all their North Sea coast,
Ta'en Bruges, Ostend and Zeebruggé,—Hun boast!—
Reached unto Holland's Southern line and make
Ghent their next goal,—with Antwerp's greater stake!

Haig smashes on, with all the Allies bold!
Seven thousand miles, in square, they now do hold;—
Won, since that July day upon the Marne,
When they drove Boche, and stopped his further harm.

And, Allenby has won Alleppo now.
Stamboul will be the next the Allies vow;
But Turk sees all is lost, and, hastily,
Makes Unconditional Surrender's plea.

Another War Dog, thus, has been transformed
From War to Peace,—much by the Furies mourned,
For his defection! Yet, they, too, are stilled
In all their ravings,—as the Allies willed!

Italians, too, have crossed Piave's line,
And driven the Austrians back with valor fine!
They've fifty thousand pris'ners won in drive!
Against such might, Austria can't long survive!

The Czechs have risen,—in their native land!
Won Prague and o'er it flung new banners grand!
Hungarians too have claimed their Freedom's dower,
And, Austria gives it, in defeat's sad hour!

She, now, sues Italy for speedy Peace,
As she's compelled the enslaved to release;
She'll get it, only, as Italians see
"Italia Irredenta" is made free!

3. THE LAST COUNCIL

It is in such alarms last Conclave meets;
The Furies grovel, as Kings take their seats.
Austria's now present. She's insistent grown.
She claims her right to act for all her own.

She's first to rise,—as Charles, her Emperor, stands
To speak for all his many varied lands.
He's pale of face, dejected in his mien.
He's thinking of what *is*, not what *has* been!

"Ye leaders all!" he cries. "Ye Furies old!
"We are undone! Our lands are uncontrolled!
"The people rise, through all my wide spread States;
"They cry for Freedom, in fierce mob debates!

"I have already promised them to free
"All subject races;—to make Kingdoms three
"Within my confines,—Jugoslavs and Czechs,
"With old Hungaria giv'n what she expects.

"There must, also, an Austrian Poland be,
"That, Wilson,—and the Allies, all,—will see
"Established by their power. We've no redress!
"We're conquered! That we'd better all confess!

"I've done it!—and I've asked for sep'rate Peace!
"If ye will not join in, still, *I* must cease
"This useless War, and own to my defeat!
"We're overmatched! We can't the Allies beat!"

Then, rose base Wilhelm,—he with withered arm.
That glance, that used to fill all with alarm,
Is now weak, wav'ring,—helpless, as he scanned
That throng,—all set 'gainst him and his doomed land.

Yet, did his voice with feeble passion shake,
As he hurled, 'gainst the Austrian, all his hate;
Condemned his cowardice,—that left his kin
In such fell hour,—when they, e'en yet, might win.

"Ingrate and coward!" Thus he wildly cried:
"Wilt thou leave, thus, those to whom thou'rt allied?
"E'en yet, through tortuous ways, we may achieve
"That which, through fear, thou dost not, now, perceive.

"The Prussian system's greatest known to man!
"I have my Gen'rals here. I'll trust their plan
"To still win, o'er our foes, a Vict'ry great,
"That shall establish thine and mine estate!

"What if Bulgaria's failed, and Turkey too!
"They were but weak supports;—less did they do
"Than I and thee! We'll win without them, yet,
"If thou thy pledge to me wilt not forget!

"Speak Ludendorff! And thou, von Hindenburg!
"Tell the weak Austrian of our great Reserve!
"Show him our power! Our certainty to win!
"Tell him of all we are, now, to begin!"

Then, Ludendorff arose, the craftiest man,—
Save Kaiser Wilhelm,—taught by Prussian plan!
His eyes are fixed; his face, like stone, is set
Against his King. He speaks, thus, with regret:—

"All Highest!" Thus, with form, he doth reply,—
"The end has come! For long, I've thought it nigh.
"We've giv'n, too much, to popular demand!
" 'Tis, thus, we've lost, both on the sea and land!

"Had'st thou but held the reins in thine own
power,
"We might have 'scaped this dreadful, fatal
hour!
"But, as thou'st yielded to the Socialist,
"*Our* end has come! They've gained all that
they wished!

"Liebkneckt, thou hast released! Erzberger
raised
"To place of power,—which mob, of course, all
praised!
"Hardin's, now, bold, to write all he desires;—
"To scorn the Army, he, the people, fires!

"In such event, I can, no longer, hold
"A place that can be, nevermore, controlled.
"I, therefore, ask thou'lt make this favor mine,—
"Permit me, Highest, here, to, now, resign!"

Then up sprang Hindenburg, and in his eyes
Was light of some new thought, some great
emprize.
The Kaiser hailed him, as his trusted friend.
He looked, for him, their hopes, to, upward,
send.

Alas! Vain hope! von Hindenburg aspires
Not to back Master,—but to turn foe's fires
From his spent Army!—and bring it surcease!
He is not, now, for War, but speedy Peace!

"O, Master dread! All Highest, hear me now!
"Before thee and the rest, I, here, avow
"We can no longer fight! We must arrange
"To, speedily, bring Peace and methods change!

"We conquered, easily, while Allies fought
"Each for themselves, and, others set at naught!
"But, when they all united under Foch,
"It spelled sure ruin for us they call 'Boche!'

"E'en thus, we might have fought and won the day,
"But, then, America 'gainst us did prey,—
"When thou allowed'st von Tirpitz, mad, to prowl
" 'Gainst neutrals, whom he slew with slaughter foul!

"This, is it that hath turned the tide of War!
"We might have won o'er all these powers before,—
"But, with united front,—Foch in command,—
"America has turned scale 'gainst our land!

"Make Peace, therefore! Make any Peace at all!
"Ere Army mutinies and Kingdoms fall!
"There is naught else to do! We *must* make Peace
"Or, greater power against us will increase!"

He sat, and Wilhelm looked about in fear.
He saw each face had changed, and did appear
To hold some higher resolution brave,—
That would a King desert,—a land to save!

The Furies, even, grovelled, helpless, there.
They wailed aloud, or madly tore their hair!
Accusingly, they all scowled, now, on him;—
Condemned him for their own and his great sin.

"And have ye all deserted me?" he cried:—
"Are ye, no longer, now, with me allied?
"Must I be sacrifice, for England's hate?—
"Lose all my power, and, with it, lose my State?

"Ye know, I've offered anything to be,—
"If my great people will still fight for me!
"I'll make Republic! Be first President!—
"If ye'll stand by me in this great event!"

All shook their heads. The Furies clamor make
Like that they made within the Janian gate,—
Not, now, for War, but Peace they loudly cry:—
Peace, e'en if States, Crowns, Kingdoms, Kaisers die!

"And, must I, now, debased, my throne resign,—
"My State, Crown, Kingdom, Hohenzollern line?"
"Aye! All!"—a dread voice says, through fast closed door.
It ope's! A shadow grim trails o'er the floor!

4. FATES FINAL DECREE.

They look in fear, as in the doorway stands
A most portentous figure, swathed in bands
Of sable hue,—that cover up her form,
Save sombre eyes,—that have made thousands mourn.

'Tis Fate!—that black hued messenger, so vast,
That o'er the earth, so many times, has passed,—
Bringing dire messages, which o'erturns thrones,
Cast out old dynasties and ruins homes!

She stands, a moment, on the threshhold dim,
Then,—without welcome,—enters, dread, within.
Casts then, o'er all, her eyes,—deep burning orbs,
As each one there, her scrutiny absorbs.

Then, harsh, she speaks, to Wilhelm, at head place:
"Thou, monster Kaiser! Art, now, due, apace,
"To black Oblivion!—there, to pay for sins,
"And realize that Might 'gainst Right ne'er wins!

"'Thy Kingdom is ta'en from thee! People
rule!
"People! Not Kings, nor Crowns, nor King-
doms, fool!
"The German people are, at last, set free
"From Prussia, Hohenzollern line,—and thee!

"Both Nemesis and I have heard the call
"For Retribution dire, on thee, to fall,
"And we've arranged that thou shalt feel its
stroke,
"Where History, its irony, can evoke.

"As, at Sedan, ye won your last great War;
"So, at Sedan, ye'll lose this warfare sore!
"And, ye'll lose it, through those ye did despise;
"America, Sedan, last occupies!

"And, as, at Mons, ye triumph once attained,
"O'er the 'Contemptibles,' as ye the English
named.
"So, now, at Mons, these same 'Contemptibles'
"Shall win last fight and avenge all their ills!

"And, as Sedan lost, then, Napoleon's crown,
"And saw Republic born, with great renown;
"So, at Sedan, thy crown shall pass away,
"Thy Kingdom turn Republic in a day!

"But, thou'lt not be its first famed President;
"Thou wilt not tarry for that great event!
"A fugitive from justice thou shal't be;
"Hid, like a coward, from brave men made free!

"And, as Sedan saw occupation base,
"Of France's land,—while Frenchmen hid their face!—
"So, now, thou'lt see,—from *hiding*,—German land
"Held, occupied by foes, as Victors grand!

"Across the Rhine they'll go, to let thee see
"That thou'rt defeated,—conquered utterly!
"There, they'll exact the last great recompense
"That thou must pay, for all thy sins immense!

"Alsace-Lorraine they'll take, and, Rhine lands fair,
"Cologne, Mainz, Coblentz, with its stronghold rare;—
"Aix-la-Chapelle, Bonn, Dusseldorf, so great!
"They'll strip thee of thy power and vast estate!

"The terms, has Foch! Send, now, thy couriers fast,
"Under *white flag*, to show thy 'Day' is past!
"He'll give them thee, or, thy new leaders bold,
"Thou'lt flee, like coward, soon as terms are told!

"And Charles! Thou Emperor, new, of
Austria's land!
"Thy reign's been brief! No longer, shall it
stand
"O'er Magyar, Czech, Polish or Jugoslav,—
"Nor, shalt 'Italia Irredenta' have!

"Diaz holds terms, to which, thou, now, must
bow,
"As well as to what other nations vow.
"Trieste must go, Fiume, Trentino,
"And, all Italian lands ta'en long ago!

"E'en, Austria will not have thee! There
thou'lt be
"Repudiated for Republic free!
"A fugitive also thou'lt wander far,
"Shunned by all men on whom thou made'st
foul War!

"Turkey, Bulgaria, too, have heard my word;
"By many nations they've been rightly
scourged!
"Now Turk must go from Europe's vast con-
fines
"And live within some farther Eastern lines.

"The Allied ships are now in Dardanelles.
"Constantinople's theirs! Sophia's bells
"Shall ring a Christian, not 'Muezzin' call!
"The 'Porte' shall be an open one to all!

"The Bulgar, now, is strongly hemmed around
"By nations who will see he keeps his ground,—
"That no more poaching upon weaker lands,
"Is practised by his lawless, butcher bands!

"He's risen, too, 'gainst Boris, the new King!
"Republic, there, its way doth quickly wing!
"Freedom is in the air! 'Tis people's hour!
"People!—Ye Rulers! Not your Kingly power!

"Ye are cast out! Ye brought it on your-
selves!
"Ye thought not of the man who digs and
delves!
"Ye scorned him! Now he's risen in his might,
"And, stands for Liberty and Human Right!

"Out, all of ye, and let the people rule!—
"People whom ye've trained in a bitter school!
"They're in authority! Your sentence's passed!
"Democracy has won, against ye massed!

"And Furies!"—Here, he turned, to where
they lay,—
"Ye, now, have had your last, mad, threat'ning
day!
"Like Saul of old, ye'd better on selves fall,
"For, then, the world would well be rid of all!

"Lies! Choke thyself, with thine own falsehoods vast!
"Rage;—Rapine! Burn in your own fury's blast!
"Hate!—Lust and Malice! Poison ye yourselves,—
"With all your awful virus, unexpelled!

"Pride!—Envy! Eat your hearts out with desire
"Towards things ye, vainly, do, with greed, aspire!
"And Cruelty!—and Bitterness! Be ye
"Tortured to death, by your own butchery!

"The War Dogs are remade,—renamed indeed!
"They're 'Watch Dogs' now!—'Twas ever in the breed!
"*Ye* ne'er can be renewed in heart or mind;—
"As ye *made* death,—ye are, to death, consigned!

"Never again, within the temple dread
"Of Janus, shall ye War Dogs lash, unfed!
"Nor Dogs, nor Furies shall e'er, there, again,
"Threaten with War, united race of men!

"A 'League of Nations' is, now, being made,
"Which from War's wrath will all the nations save.
"It's hailed, by all, as far diviner plan!
" 'Twill be the glory and the pride of man!

"Peace will indig'nous be to ev'ry land.
"All men as brothers will united stand.
"Protection, to weak nations, will be shown.
"The right, not Might, shall rule,—and Right alone!

"Thus, shall the world, in fellowship, be joined,
"And newer watchwords for our use be coined.
" 'Peace,' 'Fellowship' and 'Trust' to all be given,
"Great Freedom's bond, and greater bond of Heav'n!"

She said, and, slowly, passed without the door.
The Furies wailed, writhed, grovelled on the floor.
The leaders rose, and passed, with halting pace,
To meet their just deserts, from outraged race!

Outside, the Watch Dogs barked, with joyous note,
To see War's end, and Freemen bravely cope
With newer, better plans for ev'ry land:—
With "League of Nations" formed at men's demand.

Within, there came a fearful, dreadful sound,—
As stricken, struggling bodies lash the ground!
The Furies slay themselves! The deed is done!
The world resounds with joy! Full Vict'ry's won!

Clang shut, ye Janian gates! Grim War is o'er.
Peal out ye Peace bells:—Peace forevermore!
Link hands and hearts mankind! Let flags be furled.
Humanity hath made of one the world!

THE END.

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